Saturday Night

AUGUST 18TH 1956 TEN CENTS

School Grades: Why Johnny Is A Dull Boy

BY N. V. SCARFE

Should Canada Wear The Old Club Tie?

BY ADRIAN LIDDELL HART

The Horse Players' Golden Boy

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Mexican Highways For Holiday Fun

BY R. E. SMYTHIES

Ashley & Crippen

CNE's Jack Arthur : Page 16

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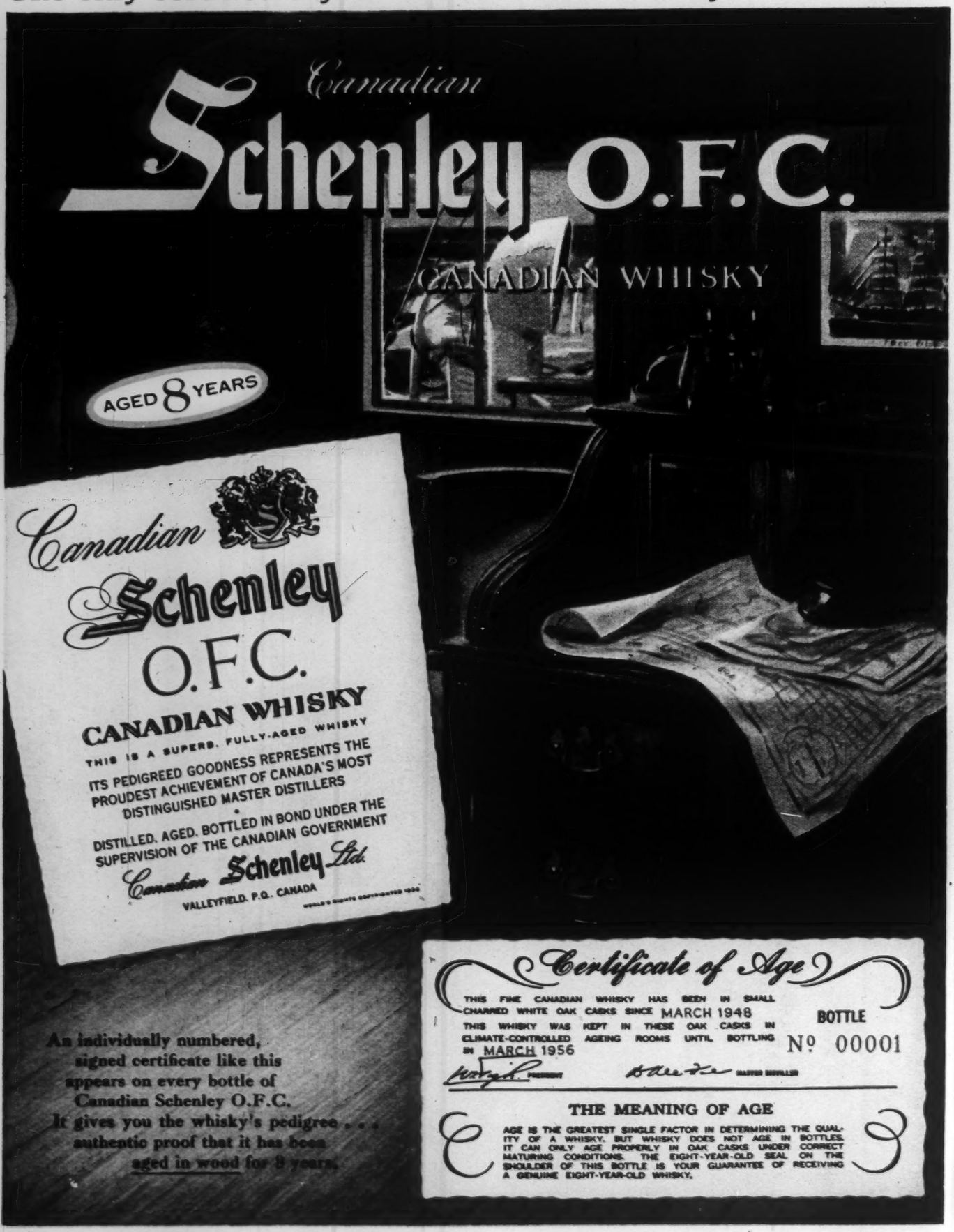
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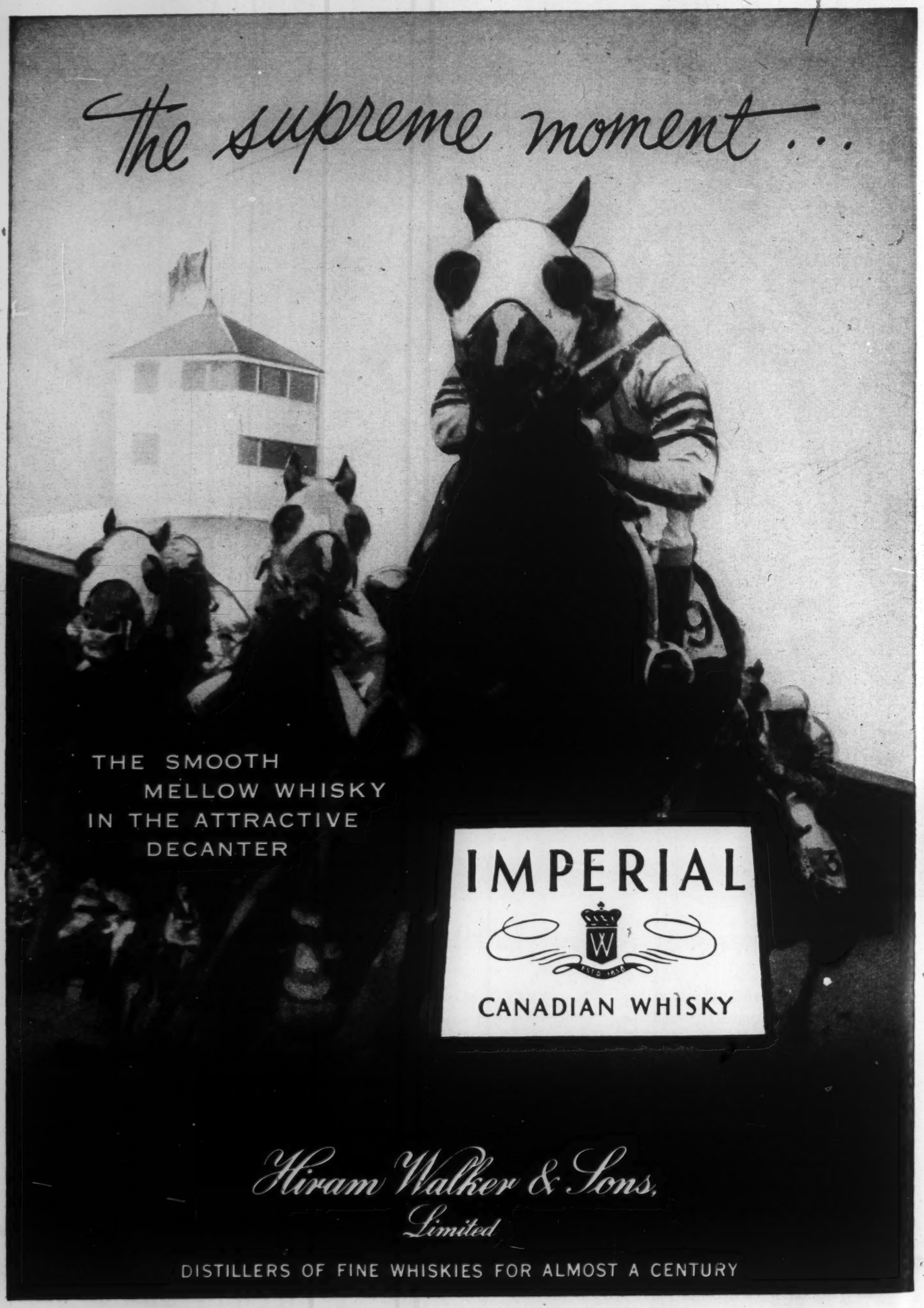
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THE FRONT PAGE

- Who Should Put On the Brakes?
- The Importance of a Ditch
- Death of a Doctrine
- The Ledger of a Sinking

Datatron's a Bum

A PRETTY sneaky scientist in Pasadena, California, has been feeding musical formulas into an electronic brain known as Datatron. One of these days, Datatron is going to start spilling out tunes at the rate of 1,000 an hour, the scientist hopes. And if the robot lives up to expectations, so what? He'll be doing nothing that Tin Pan Alley hasn't been doing for years—except that the human tunesmiths have been hammering out words to go with the musical notes. Indeed, the denizens of the Alley are now a long jump ahead of Datatron. Since the advent of rock-and-roll, they have been able to put the production of popular music on an almost fully automatic basis; instead of producing 1,000 tunes an hour, they produce 1,000 titles for the same tune, thus demonstrating once again the superiority of the human mind over any machine.

Too Much Too Fast

CANADA, it seems, is in danger of becoming too prosperous; Canadians are trying to do too much in too little time. At least, that is what James Coyne, Governor of the Bank of Canada, believes. He has asked business men and others to slow down their building plans because there are not enough supplies and workers for the total $8 billion program of construction this year — "physical resources and facilities could not take care of the requirements of a program of that size".

If the builders have to compete for materials and labor, of course, the cost of both starts to climb. There is enough inflationary pressure on the economy already. So Mr. Coyne's warning is sensible and simple. But not so simple is the translation of his theory into practice.

This year's construction program is made up of thousands of projects—new factories and additions to old ones, new roads, bridges, schools, houses, pipelines, powerhouses, seaways. The municipal, provincial and federal governments are responsible for a very large part of the program. Should the industrialists put off their plans until 1957 or 1958 to help the governments complete their projects? If they do, they may weaken their competitive position enough to make them unable to do next year or the year after what they want to do now, or the cost of building in 1957 may be too great. What is more important to the well-being of Canadians in 1956, more houses or more military construction?

James Coyne: Theory is easier.

Leadership is needed to clarify the situation, and that leadership should come from the Federal Government, the biggest spender as well as the biggest revenue collector. It could show the way by cutting the fat from its own bloated program. Much of the $1,775 million allotted the Department of National Defence, for example, is going into construction. Is it all necessary this year? Could not a substantial portion be put off for a while? Defence Minister Campney refuses to let even Parliament get a glimpse of what his Department is doing, but on the word of at least two responsible generals there is plenty of waste and mismanagement.

Provincial and municipal governments, generally faced with projects of more urgency, are not likely to trim their plans while Federal authorities go on spending. Nor is the business man inclined to put a brake on his company's growth.

Toronto's Reaction

PEOPLE who dislike Toronto were pleased the other day by a report from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It was solid proof, they said, of something they had known anyway: Toronto is Canada's most unfriendly city. The Bureau wanted to make a statistical analysis of spending by city families and sent people out to ask some pretty pointed questions. The questioners got quite a good reception in Montreal, where only 17.1 per cent of the questioned refused to answer. Winnipeg and Vancouver were friendly too, the rejection rates there being 18.5 per cent and 18.3 per cent. But in Toronto, the rate went up to 26.1. Unfriendly? Possibly. It may be, however, that Torontonians, more sturdily independent than the eager-to-please citizens elsewhere, simply decided that it was none of the Bureau's damned business how they spent their money.

Arithmetic of Suez

SOONER or later, Suez must be run by an international body. Even as puffed-up a character as Nasser must see the inevitability of this.

The Canal's political importance is considerable, although not so great as it was a decade or so ago. Its economic importance, however, can scarcely be exaggerated. It is one of the arteries pumping blood into Western Europe. If it were severed, Europe would not die but would certainly suffer an acute case of economic anemia.

Here is the arithmetic of the Canal:

More than 40 ships move through Suez every 24 hours. Last year they carried 65 million tons of oil to Europe and North America, over a million tons of natural rubber from the Far East, a couple of million tons of tin, manganese, lead and other commodities ranging from burlap to pepper.

The most important item, of course, is oil. Tankers make up 66 per cent of the total traffic on the canal. Last year Western Europe took 779 million barrels of oil from the Middle East; by the late 1960's the amount needed will probably be around 1400 million barrels. Four per cent

of North America's daily consumption of more than 8 million barrels comes from the same source. Britain in 1955 shipped over 20 million of its 28 million tons of crude oil imports via the Canal. Now, a ship sailing from the Persian Gulf to New York by way of Suez covers 8,500 miles; by way of the Cape of Good Hope the distance is 12,000 miles. From Singapore to London, through the Canal, a ship travels 9,400 miles; going around the Cape it covers well over 13,000 miles. To maintain the present flow of oil to North America, if the Canal were blocked, would require 25 per cent more shipping space. To keep up the same flow to Europe, using the Cape route, would take 900 more tankers. And the shipyards of Scotland, Germany, the Netherlands and Japan have more work than they can handle for the next two or three years. Moreover, a tanker going through the Canal pays $5,400 in tolls; the trip around the Cape would add about two weeks to the sailing time to, say, New York, and this would increase the cost of the voyage by some $28,000—a net increase in cost of $23,000. Bigger tankers are being built, some of them too big to make the Suez passage fully loaded, and their greater capacity cuts the difference in voyage expense; but they are few.

Whoever does control Suez must also be prepared not only to maintain the present facilities but to expand them considerably during the next decade. Canal traffic is increasing, as well as the size of the ships. Apart from any other considerations, Nasser lacks both the technical and human resources to do the job.

Road to the Right

AFTER puttering around the political crossroads to which every Socialist party must sooner or later come, the CCF has timidly ventured along the route that moves to the right and leads ultimately to Liberalism. Had the choice been the branch to the left, the destination would inevitably be Communism.

It has undoubtedly been an "agonizing reappraisal" for the Canadian Socialists. They are, in fact, abandoning Socialism except as a convenient tag. By admitting that private enterprise (under a certain amount of government control, of course) isn't so bad after all, they are simply giving the approval of theory to what has already happened in practice. They have wrapped this acknowledgement in the customary cotton-wool of thought, but under the soft, vague packaging, it is there. Absurdities such as their proposed National Investment Board can be dismissed as gimmicks to attract votes. Men as intelligent as M. J. Coldwell and Stanley Knowles must surely see the pitfalls of a scheme that would make a broker's office of the Government.

There can be little doubt that their choice of road was a wise one. It at least delays their extinction as a political party and could even lead to a revival of growth.

Nasser: Too big a job.

Particularly since Mackenzie King passed from the scene, there has been no true Liberal party in Canada—or at least not one that is inspired by a deep and abiding belief in the Liberal philosophy. The party led by St. Laurent is one of expediency, a catch-all for ideas from any source. In the present Government, it's doubtful if more than two ministers, Paul Martin and Lester Pearson, really know what Liberalism is all about.

Just as the Social Credit party is gradually filling the vacuum created by the retreat of the Tories from Conservative thought, so could the CCF move into the abandoned areas of Liberalism. The Social Crediters have conveniently forgotten their funny-money theories and benefitted politically. If the CCF comes the rest of the way out of its Socialist fog, it too could hope for more success.

M. J. Coldwell: To fill a vacuum?

Footnote

THE pious Mr. Khrushchev of Russia made a speech to a gathering of workers in Moscow the other day, and in the course of it he said: "Times have changed and we now live in a period when relations created by conquest and occupation have been found useless in keeping other peoples in obedience". The best footnote to this that we have seen was provided by the *Wall Street Journal*, thus: "We feel certain that the peoples of North Korea, China, Tibet, Indo-China, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia will be happy to hear about this".

Sinking of a Ship

WHEN the hungry sea swallows a ship, the grim tale is told and retold in terms of the human lives involved—the courage and the cowardice and the strange chance that gives one person life and another death. But there is always a subplot, seldom recounted because it is not high drama, simply the sum of entries in a ledger. Still, that sum can be pretty important to a lot of people.

The story of the sinking of the *Andrea Doria*, for example, was the story of the proud liner herself and the 1,134 passengers and 575 sailors who were in her on her last voyage. But when she went down, she took with her 401 tons of cargo, nine automobiles, 522 pieces of baggage and 1,764 bags of mail. Shippers and passengers had insurance to cover most of this loss. And the ship herself was insured for some $16 million, $1.6 million of it placed with U.S. underwriters and the remainder with European firms. She had cost $29 million to build three years ago, but the Italian Government had paid $13 million of the total bill.

The ship was to have made four round-trips between New York and Genoa during the 14 weeks following the sinking. She would have carried around 4,500 travellers back from Europe to North America. They would have to scramble now for accommodation on west-bound ocean and air liners already booked nearly solid on into October. Almost as soon as the *Andrea Doria* slid below the water, schedules and bookings were being checked and shuffled to prevent a jam-up of stranded tourists.

Meanwhile, other people wanted to know how the tragedy could have happened. Scientists and seamen re-examined and re-assessed their aids to navigation, and the struggle of man against the sea went on.

Moral standards as well as quality of education are lowered by the present grade system in our schools; a noted educator tells what should be done to stop the slide into mediocrity.

Stupidity of The Grade System

by N. V. Scarfe

OUR CANADIAN schools have twelve or thirteen grades. School work is, therefore, divided into twelve or thirteen annual doses of knowledge which children must absorb. Notice that it is knowledge and skills to be absorbed, not the development of ability to think or of wisdom or virtue.

The course prescription or the annual dosage to be absorbed before promotion to the next grade is what an average child of a particular age level could be expected to master in the year. The final test for promotion is supposedly set so that the average child, expending an average amount of effort, can obtain a pass mark.

This might seem reasonable for average children, but it must be remembered that not all teachers are equally good, and not all school conditions are equally satisfactory, and, therefore, an average child with a poor teacher suffers in comparison with those in more favorable circumstances. Similarly, there are average children from broken homes who also suffer from handicaps beyond their control. Thus to even up the inequality of opportunity it is always expedient in practice to prescribe a course and set examinations which those with less than average ability may pass comfortably.

There are also other factors which bear heavily on this problem. Parents whose children are below average are often exceedingly vocal and sometimes influential with the school board. They insist that their children be given extra attention in school or provided with homework so that they receive more than the normal help to make the pass mark. Such parents are never willing to accept the fact that their children are less than average in ability. They assume that the child is lazy or the teacher incompetent.

. . . that the teacher is incompetent.

Parents always assume that below-average children are lazy or . . .

Every child who has to repeat a year adds to the cost of schooling and so a school board is anxious to see as many as possible promoted. A teacher, too, is often glad to pass on a slow learner to the next grade teacher. Thus everything conspires to encourage a lowering of standards as well as the devotion of a disproportionate amount of teacher's time to those who are below average.

It should be quite obvious, of course, that a below-average child will find considerable difficulty in understanding the work prescribed. Nevertheless, it has been found that many such children can be drilled on the minimum essentials and forced to memorize uncomprehended facts and ideas. If the examination is set so that it is confined strictly to special chapters in one textbook only, and if it requires recall of memorized facts and ideas only, or better still, if the examination does not ask for recall but gives multiple choice answers from which the child must check the right one, then it is often possible to cram a dull child by persistent drill with enough memorized jargon to obtain a pass mark. Thus the teacher, the parent and the child have entered into a collusion to cheat the examiner (and everyone else) into thinking that he really is an average child and deserving of promotion to the next grade. So it comes about that children grow up with the morality of "getting by", of obtaining by

subterfuge, what they do not, in fact, deserve.

There are, of course, those who cannot pass even with all the pressures of home and teacher. These poor unfortunates just cannot memorize or get interested in incomprehensible jargon. However, they may have been promoted for several years by a charitable teacher, but with each successive year they get further out of their depth.

The result is that they learn only one or two things really effectively. They learn to hate school and all things intellectual. They learn to achieve success or notoriety by annoying the teacher, by using their physical strength to bully smaller children, by joining gangs of hoodlums.

What of the above-average child? They, of course, get along without much teacher help. Since the teacher has to spend a disproportionate amount of time with those below average, she must, therefore, give less time to those above average.

Since equality of opportunity means that every child shall have an equal amount of teacher's time, it is obvious that above-average children rarely receive equality of opportunity. Since they are neglected, and since they can always make the grade easily, they tend to adopt a "couldn't care less" attitude. They learn the tricks of "just getting by". They also learn to conceal their intelligence in face of the bullying from their less fortunate comrades. They become average or mediocre. The standards they have to meet are for the average and mediocre and so the work never challenges them. They really do become lazy. Idle time on their hands encourages them, too, to join the bands of hoodlums. Thus the grade system reduces standards of education, but more particularly it reduces standards of morals for all.

The grade system encourages people to think of schooling as a series of annual packets of knowledge doled out to children who are indiscriminately divided up into age groups. This mechanical concept of education implies that children are empty vessels to be filled by steps or grades.

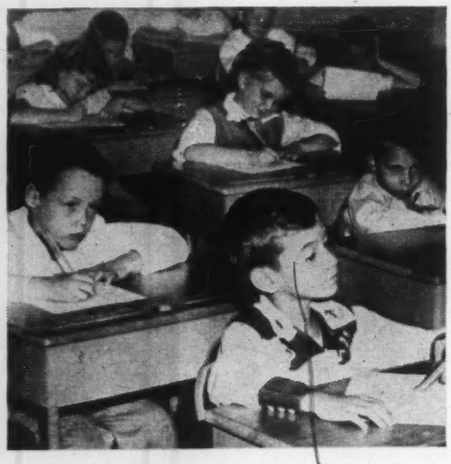
Unfortunately this idea is false, for education depends on the efforts of the child to think for himself. It is not handed out in parcels by a teacher. Moreover, although taxes may guarantee every child twelve years of schooling, they do not guarantee a twelfth-grade standard of education.

The alternative way of looking at education is to think of the twelve years of school as a continuous period of physical and mental growth. The growth is biological, not mechanical.

It is clear that some children grow faster and bigger than others. It is equally true that some children learn faster than others. Thus the alternative way of dividing children in a school is into longitudinal streams of similarly able or equally fast learning and compatible groups.

We call this "ability grouping" or streaming. Early in school life those of a particular age group who are fast learners or clever are placed in a separate group, class or even school, and allowed to progress as fast as they can through the work normally set for twelve years of schooling. They will probably complete it all in ten years or less. Those who are average are placed in another group who, going as fast as they can, will complete the twelve years in approximately twelve years. The slow learners are again separated into groups of similar capacity and they tackle the twelve years' work as fast as they can take it. They will probably need fourteen or fifteen years, but they will do the work thoroughly; they will understand it and probably like it. They may, however, not wish to persist beyond twelve years or beyond the present ninth-grade level of study.

Every child is entitled to meet challenges in school which are interesting and exacting and at which he can succeed with reasonable effort. Nevertheless, progress



Some children learn faster.

should be continuous and at as fast a pace as each child can make. A slow learning child twelve years old who has just understood all the complexities and concepts normally associated with an average ten-year-old child has probably done well. If he has been in the slow-learning stream since he started school, he has probably competed successfully with others of like ability. He has met challenges suitable to his abilities, needs and interests. He has met with considerable success in mastering the problems presented by the teacher. He has probably never failed to do his best. Thus he has not "failed" in any proper sense of that term.

Equal ability groups are much easier to teach. Because of that, teaching efficiency is improved. It has been shown by experiment that below-average children do better mentally and normally when taught separately than when with a heterogeneous group. It has also been proved scientifically that average children do better when taught in classes from which the very dull and very clever have been removed. Few people ever doubt that gifted children progress more satisfactorily when taught in separate groups or classes. That is the only way they get equality of teacher time.

Ability grouping is not the same as grade skipping, acceleration or enrichment. It does not admit any of these devices. It is simply a flexible means of allowing similarly able children to progress continuously through school as fast as they can without skipping anything or being overpressed. It may mean that the subject matter will be approached from a different angle and the methods of teaching vary from stream to stream, but there will eventually be little difference in what is learned until senior high school is reached.

Objections to ability grouping into continuous streams come from two sources. The first is a few vocal parents with children of less-than-average ability. They seem unable to accept and love their children for what they are. Instead of allowing them to be happy and taste the joys of success in competition with those of equal ability they prefer to goad these unfortunates into the continuously frustrating situation of unfavorable competition with those who are mentally superior. They prefer to force their children into situations leading to moral degradation rather than leave them amongst their peers where a teacher can more easily raise moral and ethical standards. Because of their own pride they prefer to cheat society into believing their children capable of high executive posts, where they would undoubtedly be unhappy or arrogantly stupid.

The second opposing group thinks that democracy is an equalitarian society, where equality of opportunity means identity of opportunity. They dislike anything which differentiates people. They object to anything that cannot be "fixed", in the same way as we fix poor sight with spectacles. Low intelligence they feel must be fixed with remedial education and high intellects must be kept back so that all are made to feel equal. They think that if all are taught heterogeneously together then some of the intelligence of the bright ones will rub off on to the dull children.

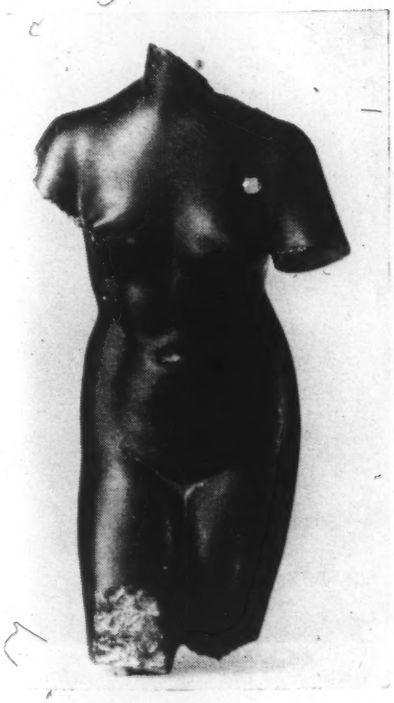
The stream system recognizes individual differences and stresses freedom rather than equality. It places great faith in the free development of individual men and women and glorifies those who are unafraid to be different, experimental or pioneering. Above all it is a system of equality of opportunity where each child is given a maximum challenge suitable to his age, ability and aptitude.

Dr. Scarfe is Dean of the College of Education, University of British Columbia.

Classic Form Versus Congo Rhythm

WHAT has happened to Venus? Until a few decades ago, she and her fellow-Grecians dominated the parlors and libraries of our homes. Mercury and Pan reigned in bronze or marble from onyx pillars. Now these household gods have suddenly vanished, to reappear at auction rooms for bargain basement prices. In the homes of high fashion, the serene Greek gods have been replaced by the stark rhythms of jungle fetishes. Once despised as barbaric, African art is enthroned in the drawing room and museum. Artists look to these idols for the same source of inspiration that sparked American jazz. Modern man beats out his frustrations in prehistoric rituals. Venus, armless and disconsolate, stands amidst the attic dust, recalling her lost world of quiet reason.

LEFT: *Diadoumenos, by Polypletus, 420 B.C.*
RIGHT: *Wooden figures from French Soudan.*



ABOVE: *Greek Head of the 4th Century B.C.*
BELOW: *Belgian Congo double-portrait cup.*

LEFT: *Venus, after Greek of 3rd Century B.C.*
RIGHT: *Fantastic head from the Ivory Coast.*

Members: South Africa's Strijdom, Australia's Menzies and Canada's St. Laurent. Proposed: Gold Coast's Nkrumah.

Should Canada Wear the Old Club Tie?

by Adrian Liddell Hart

It is high time for Canada to take stock of the clubs to which she belongs and to decide whether her own interests dictate Commonwealth leadership with greater commitments.

"Is YOUR JOURNEY really necessary?"

The wartime notice to British travellers should have been addressed to the eight Prime Ministers who recently visited London for another ten-day round of secret talks and public junkets. At any rate their meeting has provoked a good deal of serious discussion—as well as some ribald comments—about the future of that exasperatingly elusive institution which diehards like Mr. Menzies of Australia still like to call the *British* Commonwealth and Mr. Nehru of India prefers to describe as "a co-operative association which may do good."

Only on one point is general agreement—no more of these lengthy communiques. "Dim, mysterious glimpses into the obvious", one newspaper calls them. "Their discussions have again revealed a sense of common purpose . . . united in their desire for peace . . . they will continue in their efforts to secure prosperity . . .". By now every cliché has been repeated even to the exhaustion of Sir Anthony Eden, one would imagine, and the sum of them serves only to bring the Commonwealth into disrepute.

Any consideration of the Commonwealth has to reckon with the pivotal fact that the next meeting of its leaders will include in all probability the Prime Minister of the Gold Coast and quite possibly the leaders of other emergent countries in Africa, Asia and America. It is assumed that the conference agreed, tacitly or explicitly, to the admission of the Gold Coast if it wishes to join.

Thus the whole balance of the Commonwealth is changing. By the time of the next Conference the white members may even be in a minority and, unless the new states decline to join, the Commonwealth will before long have more black and brown faces round the table than pink and white ones.

This historic change may not bring about any definite change in policy. There is, after all, not much of a policy at present to change. And it may not immediately result in a transformation of the existing forms of consultation. But it may well reinforce the mounting pressure to make the "club" more useful, meaningful and lively.

It is, I think, significant that a distinguished Indian statesman, formerly Ambassador to Peking, has insisted that the evolution of the Commonwealth has been the result of careful planning and that it should not be taken for granted. "Discussion on the future of the Commonwealth", writes K. M. Pannikar (*Manchester Guardian*), "has become all the more necessary because of the general but unjustified idea that all political institutions evolve gradually from their own internal strength and discussions about them can only lead to misunderstanding". He calls for a "Declaration of Faith", as well as a judicial tribunal for inter-Commonwealth disputes and different co-ordinating groups.

Less surprisingly, perhaps, the Prime Minister of Australia has come out in favor of new forms of Commonwealth consultation and more functional co-operation—on a selective, regional basis

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if necessary. "The time has come", writes Mr. R. G. Menzies, (*London Times*) "When we in the Commonwealth must give ourselves furiously to think about where we are going and what road or roads we should take".

To such proposals or even consideration of such proposals there would be strong opposition. South Africa might be embarrassed, for example, by any Declaration of Faith—though Mr. Strijdom evidently surprised the other Premiers at the recent meeting by his open-minded attitude on international questions.

What would be the reaction of Canada which is, in a sense, the senior member of the Commonwealth apart from the "mother country"? It has to be borne in mind that the concept of the Commonwealth which has prevailed since 1926 largely derives from Mackenzie King, in succession to the old Smuts-Borden concept. The admission of republics in 1948 was only a development of this concept, again sponsored by the Canadians.

"We should continue to resist," said Mr. St. Laurent in 1947, "efforts to reduce to formal terms or specific commitments this association which has demonstrated its vitality through the common understanding on which it is based". I don't know whether this is still the view of the Prime Minister. But from recent observations I should doubt whether Mr. St. Laurent is likely to follow the promptings of his Australian colleague and "furiously think" about this (or any other) problem. What about Mr. Pearson? I think his attitude can only be interpreted in the context of what the Commonwealth really means, stripped of sentiment and platitude, in relation to the rest of the world and in particular to Mr. Pearson's concern with NATO.

For the most part, the Commonwealth is a collection of mercantile "middle" states—middle in size, power or strategic location. Britain herself is no longer a Great Power and India is unlikely to become one for some time.

There are only two Great Powers in the world today, with China as the prospect of a third. Kipling once referred to "the ties of common funk" which held together the old British Empire and today it would seem that all members of the new Commonwealth feel themselves threatened in differing ways by one or other of the Great Powers. Moreover most, if not all, of them are distrustful of both the Great Powers. Indian leaders are bitterly anti-American, besides being fearful of China and Russia combined in the struggle for Asia. Australia is strongy anti-Communist but there has been a revulsion against American influence there, as well as a revival of anxiety about a U.S.-backed Japan. South Africa, insecure in her international isolation, is apprehensive about the repercussions of U.S.-Soviet rivalry in wooing Africa.

During the cold war the Commonwealth as a whole did, in practice, if not in theory, take a middle line, from Korea to Formosa. And it was in effect a restraining force despite divergent interests and overall weakness.

"The Third Force concept is a dangerous one," Mr. Pearson has said, "because it would mean that, in a sense, we in the Commonwealth were separating ourselves from the United States . . .". The Third Force is something less—and yet something more—than a concept. It is a tradition, born of great displacements of power in the modern world and the

Adrian Liddell Hart

psychological reactions of those countries which have inherited the old British Empire. It has crystallized under the stress and strains of the conflict between the Great Powers. "The truth of the matter," a British commentator wrote recently (*Daily Mail*), "is that India needs the Commonwealth for her imminent struggle for supremacy in Asia . . . Canada, preparing for a stern economic struggle with America in the next generation, would not lightly set aside her connections with the Commonwealth."

It is improbable that the Commonwealth could ever act effectively as a strategic Third Force through common defence arrangements. In the world conditions of atomic stalemate, now leading to a reduction of forces and a tacit renunciation of all-out aggression, such theories are not only far-fetched but irrelevant. The most serious threat to the Commonwealth does not come from strategic weakness but from economic weakness, in the era of "competitive coexistence".

Is the Commonwealth, with its Conferences, centered too much on the personal liberal traditions, the mutual esteem of a few leaders at home in the "club" atmosphere — and not enough in the imaginations and aspirations of ordinary Asians and Canadians?

The "club atmosphere", to which Commonwealth officials and propagandists are so fond of referring, has its uses. There has been no agreement on Kashmir but the fact that the leaders of India and Pakistan can still sit down together and discuss the international situation (though not Kashmir) in the same "club" has undoubtedly lessened the risk of a local outbreak and hence of a world war. It is easy, however to distort the significance of this club atmosphere. It does not so much foster common attitudes, let alone common policies, as reflect common needs and a broadly similar approach to meeting these needs (or fears).

Nevertheless there is need of a Third Force, in the broad sense, and the traditions of compromise and diversity which a Third Force expresses.

It is for Canada to accept this fact and its implications, or to reject the Commonwealth as a waste of time and sentiment.

The emotional distrust of the Commonwealth and Empire as an agent of "British Imperialism" which conditioned so much Canadian thinking in the inter-war years, especially in the Liberal Party, has not quite vanished. Canadians have enjoyed the feeling of international importance and usefulness which her new role in the new Commonwealth, the "bridge between East and West", has given to her. But the real effort has gone into her membership of NATO, not only as a measure of practical security against the common danger but as an apparent solution to the inner security of divided loyalties. Now NATO is on the rocks for all practical purposes and Mr. Pearson's Article 2, with its promise of a fuller integration alongside the United States and Britain, seems only a plank on a receding tide. This is no doubt, disappointing. But some of the earlier hopes were misplaced and even dangerous.

"Despite the size and variety of the North Atlantic Community," Professor Donald Creighton said nearly three years ago, "it is still limited and exclusive; and for a future of peace, our need is for organizations which transcend cultural barriers and cut across the great blocks of power into which the world is at present divided. One such organization is the Commonwealth".

It is high time for Canada to take stock of the clubs to which she belongs and to decide whether the realities of the world situation today and her own long-term interests dictate a more active membership and even leadership in the Commonwealth, to the point of extending into commitments such as those she has been so anxious to accept and expand in NATO.

Avelino Gomez: Five winners.

Most successful jockey in Canada is a handsome Cuban who'll probably earn better than $50,000 this year. But don't ask him for tips on races; that's not only insulting but downright stupid.

Gomez: The Golden Boy

by Trent Frayne

FROM THE GRANDSTAND and the clubhouse, a jockey is a remote gnome-like creature fastened to a horse's neck, a faceless conveyor of two-buck bets. If he carries them fastest his name is applauded, but more often than not he loses and thus becomes a larcenous little thief who could have won but didn't, for dark and nefarious reasons of his own.

Even away from the track, jockeys are regarded as a breed apart, a point that annoys all jocks. Particularly, it annoys Avelino Gomez, the most successful rider in the country, a spectacularly handsome Cuban who made maybe $50,000 in Canada last year yipping at horses, and is well on his way to doing even better this year.

"I never meet somebody here they don't say to me, 'Hey Gomez, who gonna win tomorrow? You gimme winners I make a bet for you.' They don't even say, 'How do you do?' They insult you. Strangers, they come up and say, 'Hey Gomez, gimme winners'."

Gomez says they're silly questions, as well as insulting. "If I know who win," says Gomez, "whole Havana will belong to me already."

When the horses are running at the New Woodbine race track out on the northwestern outskirts of Toronto he stays at a nearby motel. One night a man checked into the motel and when he saw the tiny matchstick figure of Gomez he called to him.

"You know Gomez?"

"Yah, I know Gomez. He's not here. He's away."

At three o'clock in the morning, the man was hammering on the door again. Gomez climbed from his bed.

"He here?" the man asked.

"Look, mister, I'm Gomez. What you want?"

"Oh, well, say, ah, look Avelino, I was thinkin', if you got some winners for tomorrow—ah—I'll lay a hundred for you."

People hound Avelino because he is so good. He is not a typical jockey in Canada, a country whose inhabitants are showing an increasing urgency to strike oil at the betting windows. Last year something like $85 million was wagered legally on the horses, more than sixty per cent of it on Ontario tracks where Gomez rides horses in circles from April to November. He's not typical in that he's a little too clever for the rest of the boys, a sort of Arcaro or Atkinson, and actually he belongs in their company. But he's not riding in the United States any more because Uncle Sam gave him an ultimatum two years ago: either become a citizen and, as Gomez says, "go in army", or blow.

Thus, he's been riding in Canada for two seasons, and it has been a rewarding experience for race-goers, if not for his contemporaries. If you've ever watched an accomplished water skier bouncing across the surf in the wake of a roaring motorboat, one hand waving free, his body in relaxed command, then you have some idea of how Gomez fits a charging race horse. He belongs there, is a charged-up, exhilarated part of it, the tiny switch that makes it work. In his head are other things, a sense of pace and space.

It's like a man driving a car who knows when he can pass on the highway and when he must wait for an oncoming car. A jock sees a hole in the pounding pack of thousand-pound thoroughbreds around him and he must decide instantly if he can urge his mount into that space before it closes on him. If he can, he'll make

Gomez up on "Gobles Grove" of Stafford Farms leads Vic Bovine on "Win Crest" at the New Woodbine track, Toronto.

The day the Angels Sang

Randolph MacDonald

Mr. & Mrs. J. Roden pictured shortly after their recent marriage in Toronto.

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up a length. Races are won that way.

Gomez can do these things, and his facility has paid him well. He earns a basic $500 a month as contract rider for E. P. Taylor, the Toronto industrialist who owns the country's most successful stable of horses and its largest breeding farm. In addition he gets ten per cent of all stakes victories; that is, if he rides the winner in, say, the $10,000 Dominion Day Stakes, he picks up a thousand dollars for his minute-and-a-half ride. Once, in Chicago five years ago, he rode Curandero to victory in a $160,000 handicap event. His share was $16,000.

In Canada, when Taylor horses are not entered in a particular race, Gomez is free to ride "outside" mounts. He gets a basic thirty-five dollars a ride for these, fifty if he wins. Since he rides six to eight races a day, six days a week, it's apparent that a rider of Gomez's ability often needs a basket to carry off his money.

He has invested some of these basketfuls with a fine show of sentiment. He has two night clubs in Havana, one called the Curandero, in honor of the horse that won the big handicap in Chicago, and the newest called the Toronto Club.

Gomez, who weighs 112, with thick black curly hair and heavy lashes on his flashing dark eyes, looks scornful when he talks of his clubs. The money's good but he doesn't like the class of people who clutter up night clubs. He thinks he'll sell them.

"I like work for good men, nice man like E. P. Taylor," he says. "You meet good people when you work for nice guy. That way, you become a nice guy, too. Another two, three years I quit riding. I look after money, and in two, three years I have enough. How many nice guys you meet around the race track? I think maybe an insurance-company agent is what I become."

That would be a sedentary life for Avelino, who lives fast on horses and off them, in the literal sense of the word. At Fort Erie, when the races are there, he spends free time at a stone quarry near the border city. He dives, back and front, off sixty-foot embankments, and he likes diving where the water is not too deep.

"I like her," he grins. "The water she's . . . she's . . . thin!"

But he doesn't waste his money on thrills. One afternoon this spring at New Woodbine he won four races, and left the jockeys' room to head for his motel. Another jock, who'd won no races, left fifteen minutes later. This other jock climbed sadly into his Cadillac convertible and contemplated the unlucky day Gomez had decided to ride in Canada. The jock roared away in his big car and then stopped down the road to pick up a hitch-hiker.

The hitch-hiker was Avelino Gomez.

Motoring in Mexico

by R. E. Smythies

ONE THING the tourist in Mexico may feel sure of is the feeling that he is welcome. The basic reason for this may be the foreign currency he brings rather than his charming personality, but the fact remains that the majority of the Mexicans he will meet are pleasant and friendly people, and those who cater to the needs of the tourist manage to give good service without servility.

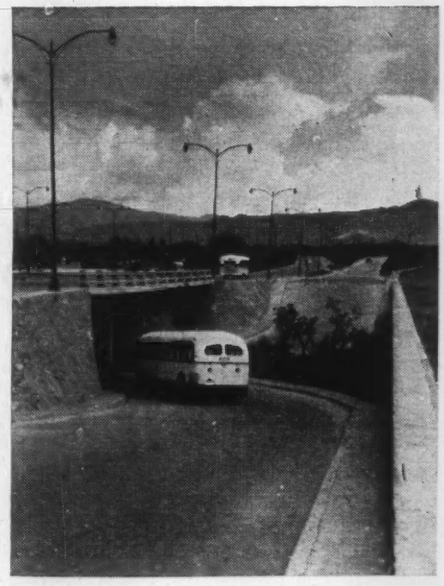
Before starting to explore Mexico by car we had what proved to be the really bright idea of joining the American Automobile Association as Members at Large. This cost $15 and I do not remember ever receiving better value for money. It entitled us to apparently unlimited maps and guide books of the entire United States and Mexico, plus unstinted service of the most efficient and courteous kind from any of the strategically located branch offices whenever we needed it. This reached its culmination on the U.S. side of the border, in arranging insurance on the car while in Mexico, and a supply of pesos to start us on our way.

Travellers cheques in U.S. funds are accepted everywhere along the main tourist routes but it is well to keep some pesos in the pocket, as the rate of exchange varies somewhat from place to place. The familiar dollar sign is used for the peso and to avoid shock it is well to remember that a price tag of $100 really means $8 in our currency, you hope.

Actually we found it possible to travel about staying in hotels or motels on a budget of from $10 to $12 a day for two people, including good accommodation, meals, gasoline for our 1955 V-8 job and sundry other running expenses. One may spend more, of course, or less if economy is a prime objective, and things are cheaper off the main tourist routes, but we did not go out of our way to hunt the cheapest accommodation anywhere.

All tourists use the better grade of gasoline, known as "Super", and retailing at about 20c per U.S. gallon at present. It has not quite the same octane rating as the best gasoline in Canada, but our car has performed well on it, with no tendency to "ping" even when accelerating on a steep grade in the mountains.

The main roads are not up to the standard of the modern roads in Canada but are quite good for most of the mileage, much of which runs through rugged terrain with magnificent scenery. Provision



Main roads: Good to excellent.

is made for parking off the pavement so the driver can admire the views. When driving he should concentrate on the job, but there is no undue hazard for the careful driver.

Road signs are plentiful, curves and intersections being indicated by familiar hieroglyphs, and other things in Spanish, which one soon picks up. The AAA book on Mexico contains a list of these.

Traffic regulations are standardized throughout the country and the police are polite to tourists; I have never seen a motorist being "bawled out" in the somewhat uncouth manner in vogue in higher latitudes. If a traffic cop is turned sideways to you, go ahead; if you see his back or front elevation, stop. They also wave and whistle, which helps.

Racing crowd in Mexico City.

All large cities suffer from traffic congestion now and Mexico City is no exception. It is a good idea to pick up a licensed guide at the government tourist office on approaching the city for the first time. For a modest fee he will act as chauffeur to your hotel, or on a sightseeing trip if you wish; the guides all speak English well. Some knowledge of Spanish helps, but is not essential as many Mexicans speak a little English and some are completely bi-lingual.

The tourist season seems to be extending so that it is practically the year round, though the peak is still in the winter months. Last summer we found many of the hotel folk agreeably surprised at the volume of business in what they regarded as the off-season, and this in spite of unusually heavy rains which had made some roads temporarily impassable.

About half of Mexico is within the tropics and the temperature varies with altitude, the latter sometimes changing from sea-level to 8,000 feet or more within the space of 100 miles. It is well, therefore, to have clothing suitable for different conditions.

On some stretches of the road American cars outnumber those with Mexican plates, but Canadian cars are rare enough to be noticeable. We have been surprised to meet a number of Mexicans who are themselves surprised to hear Canadians speaking English. This is apparently due to the fact that a former Ambassador to Mexico hailed from Quebec, and managed to create a widespread impression that French is our national tongue.

The larger centres have well-equipped, modern garages and the cost of servicing cars is lower than in Canada or the U.S. When selecting our car for the trip we were warned against automatic transmission for driving in the mountains. We decided to disregard the warning, however, and so far have had no reason to regret the decision; quite the reverse, in fact. We have had no trouble whatever and have not observed anyone else having it, among the thousands of cars of all makes we have passed or that have passed us. Tubeless tires have also been most satisfactory as they have needed no attention whatever and still have the original air with which we set out many months ago. Pressure shown by a tire gauge will vary somewhat with altitude, but tires that need no "make-up" air in months of driving are a new experience.

No doubt the main reason why so few Canadians motor in Mexico is the distance from border to border. It might pay the railroads to make it easy and inexpensive to ship cars to points such as, say, Laredo, Texas, thus eliminating a long drive through territory with which many Canadians are familiar.

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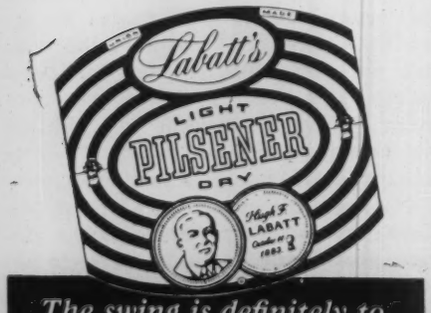
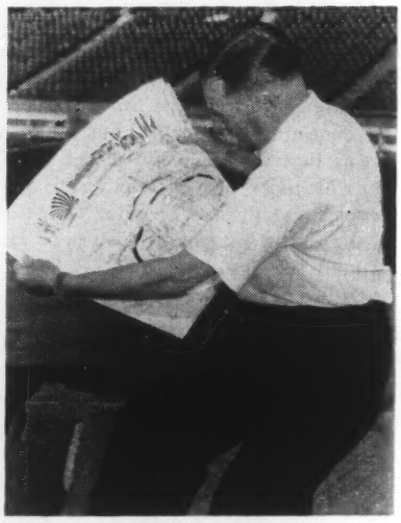


The swing is definitely to
LABATT'S

Mister Showbusiness

by Harry Rasky

If Arthur gives the impression of believing the whole world's a stage, perhaps it is because the stage is the only world he has known. But this year at the CNE he says that he is trying a new dodge.



Jack Arthur

"AND THEN this totem pole opens to reveal this dame with a 27-inch wing spread . . . We have these four huge farm machines doing a square dance . . . The stage will be loaded with 100 pipers. What a sound . . . These 75 bubble machines shoot off 2,500 bubbles a minute, and then through the bubbles up scream the fireworks. What a blow off!"

What a man!

Although these quotes might sound like something expressed by a many-million-dollar musical producer in Hollywood, they are, in fact, the common, every-day conversation of a short 5-foot-6), bouncy ("I used to take two steps at a time"), 67-year-old Scots-Canadian in Toronto. When Jack Arthur, producer of the Grandstand Show at the Canadian National Exhibition, talks of his project, it sounds like a mixture of the Arabian Nights, Cecil B. De Mille, and the Minister of Defence.

Over five hundred individuals, not counting stage hands ("and I've got quite a few of them") are in his show, *Canadiana 56*, which is being seen for 14 late summer nights at the Grandstand accommodating 25,000 people per performance. If jaunty Jack Arthur says without modesty, "It's the biggest annual show on the biggest stage", his claim would be difficult to dispute. Without doubt it is the largest single theatrical venture in Canada, unless you are likely to include the Rocky Mountains in the same category. It includes 60 dancing girls, 30 dancing boys, 32 singers, 150 servicemen, the 32 members of the RCMP's Musical Ride (and their horses, of course), a 60-piece orchestra, a dozen specialty acts, and one Jack Arthur.

This year, as every year, the cry will go up, "Why can't it be more Canadian? Why can't it be more like the old days?" To these questions a famous old vaudevillian has the perfect terse reply, "everyone has two businesses—showbusiness and his own". Naturally, it was Arthur who made that observation. Every spectator, deep down inside where a basic frustration to be a performer is boiling, considers he can probably do it better than the producer.

Many a Canadian can remember growing up with the "Ex". They recall the candy floss, the sideshow world of the midway, the miles of exhibitions, being hauled around on "kid's day" by a patient mother, an occasional visit to the "Lost Children's Department", but most of all they conjure up the old, starchy pageants at the night grandstand-show topped off with fabulous fireworks. When the ancient, rusty grandstand burned down, so did the antique days of the pageant. But with stubborn faithfulness, some refuse to let the old ghosts die.

For those who demand a return to the static, flag-waving stage lectures, outspoken Arthur has many answers. In his gravel voice, which sounds as if it's being filtered through a bedspring, he spouts, "I am constantly being heckled from all sides. Even though I am 67, I still can't live in the past. I like living. I like the present. I like to be up-to-date in my thinking.

"First, there's the question of costs. In the old days we weren't governed by unions as we are today. The people who used to take part in those shows used to get one dollar a rehearsal. The costumes were rented for five dollars a week. And the men in the bands got a dollar-fifty a performance. Times have changed.

"Then there's the question of content. I can't be unmindful of two world wars. Every family has lost someone. I can't see mock-warfare as entertainment. And

if you check our history, before that we were either fighting the Americans or the French. Someone is bound to get hurt. After all, somebody has to win those damn battles."

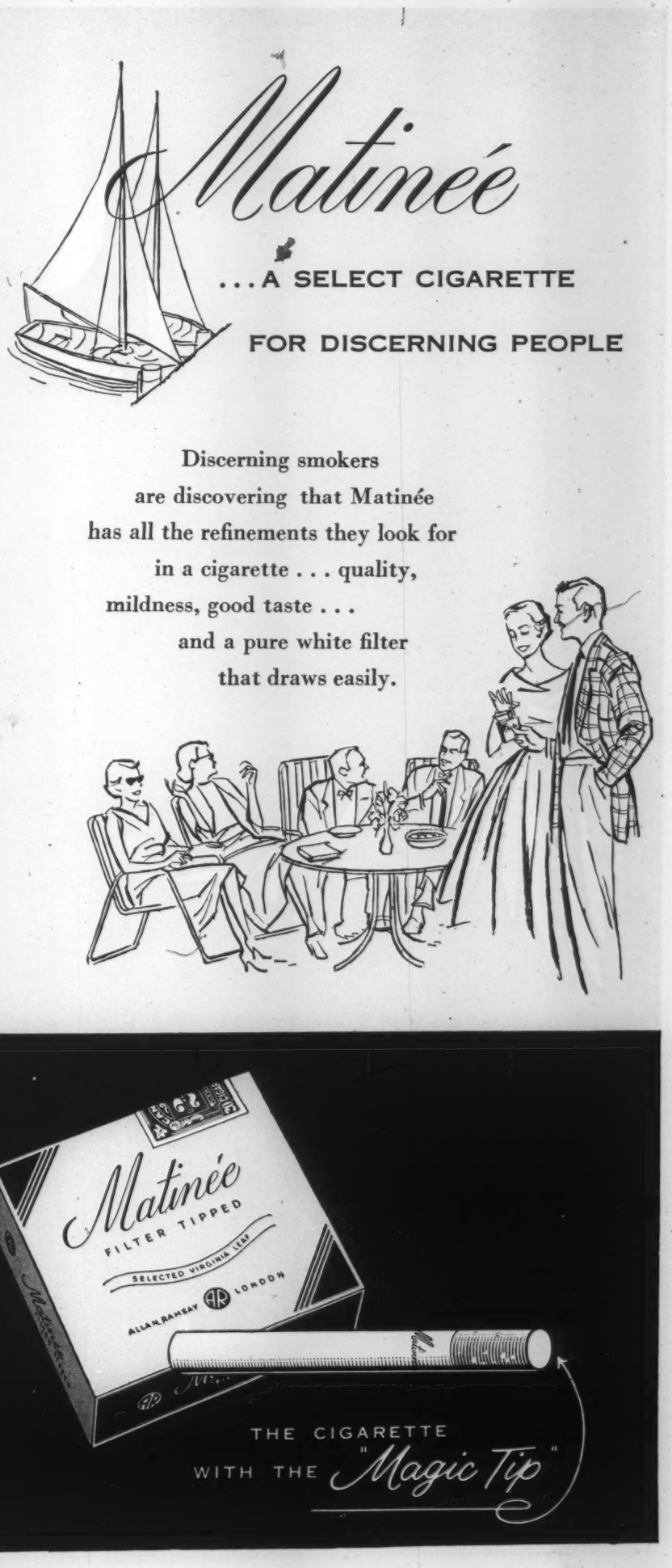
Arthur's whole history is in his voice and manner of speaking. It is loaded with the lingo of the old days of vaudeville, flavored with the accent of his native Scotland, spiced with the words of Canada's film industry, and wrapped up in something distinctively Arthur. Someone once described Arthur's voice as sounding "like a bagpipe with a sore throat". And when Arthur explains, he doesn't just talk, he acts.

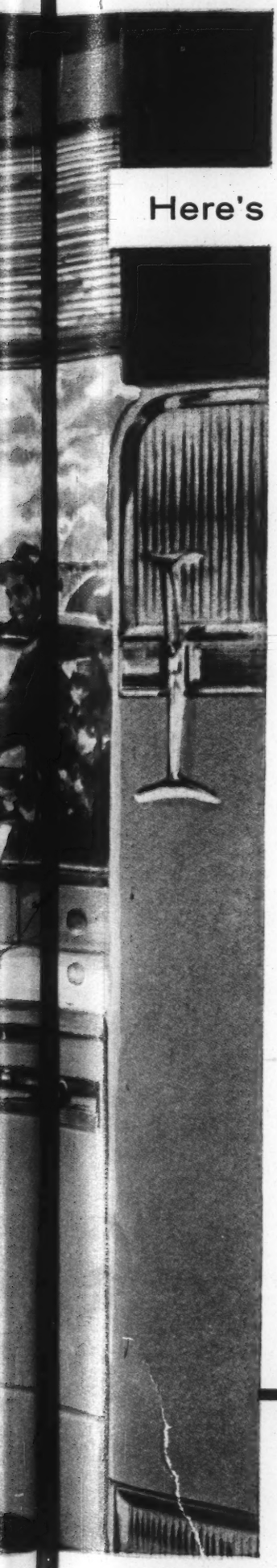
If Arthur gives the impression of believing the whole world's a stage, perhaps it is because the stage is the only world he has known. The only son of a Glasgow, Scotland, pastry-confectioner father, and an opera-singing mother, who was known professionally as Madam Gifford, he made his first stage appearance in the arms of his nurse, while mamma crooned to him. He started on a quarter-size fiddle at the age of three, and at seven was touring as a child prodigy with Sir Harry Lauder's company. The story goes that he was so used to theatre life that when he was taken to church for the first time he shouted, "What time does the curtain go up?"

At 13, he came to Canada with his father, after his mother's death, enrolled in the Toronto Conservatory, and underwent a battle for universal survival. He explains, "What could I do? My father wouldn't buy me Canadian clothes, so I had to go to school in an Eton suit or the kilt." He learned to do well with his fists.

He became a wandering minstrel of the early 20th century variety, called a trouper. There was Raymond & Poore's company, where he worked as first fiddler, and Eisenbarth & Henderson's Floating Palace, the largest showboat on the Mississippi, where he gained experience as musical director, a couple of cross-country tours, and then Toronto again. Sophie Tucker and Joe Welch were big names, and they were singing "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet", when he took on the job of musical director of the famous George Primrose Minstrels.

Back home again, he was appointed conductor of Toronto's "upstairs" theatre, the Winter Garden. When a group of men including the late N. L. Nathanson, E. L. Ruddy and J. P. Bickell, opened the Regent theatre, as a beginning of what was to become Famous Players Corporation. Arthur was appointed musical conductor and producer. In those days, variety shows and symphonic concerts were part of the program. "Jack Arthur presents" was a famous phrase, — so much so, in fact, that William Randolph





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Hearst offered him $30,000 a year to produce shows for a theatre he was planning in New York. Arthur accepted, then changed his mind and stayed with Famous Players.

For a time, it looked as if he had made a mistake. With talking pictures a reality, theatre-goers became more interested in the films than the stage shows. Jack Arthur remained with Famous Players in an executive capacity. When the war broke out he was asked to organize the Canadian Army Show, which featured TV comics Wayne and Shuster. In 1952 when the time came to appoint someone to tackle the grandiose Grandstand show, Arthur, already in his sixties but still as bubbling with life as a child at a circus, was the only name considered. He left his 37-year-old job at Famous Players to accept the $18,000-a-year position as the producer of the biggest show of them all.

Since that time Arthur has been producing the spot-lighted spectacle under a barrage of criticism. For instance, there's the school teacher who has written new words to *Oh, Canada* and *God Save The Queen,* who wants to know each year why his songs haven't been used. There's the woman from the country who doesn't think her child should see "that kind of show". But even Arthur's critics have to admit that a less effervescent individual would die of stage fright at the mere sight of the expanse of the stage on Toronto's lakefront.

Arthur budgets his shows at about $300,000, and typical of the intake was last year's gross of $450,000, making it one of the few large annual extravaganzas operating on a profit-making basis. His continuing problem is trying to get some kind of intimacy out of the mammoth stage. Between the performer and the first row of the grandstand there is a dirt track—a distance of 125 feet. Danny Kaye didn't do too well as the star performer because his mobile face was lost in the vast expanse. Durante barely got through — the nose that launched a thousand shows looked like a peanut from the balcony.

"This year we are trying a new dodge," says Arthur with great gusto. "We're moving down into the track. With a theme of *Life Gets Better,* we spotlight a couple guys at either end with simple plows. We're on a farm kick, you see. I think that many Canadians come from small towns or farms. Well, these guys are lit up on the track. Then, based on my theory that everybody likes to watch a machine at work—just look at the way people stop to look at an excavation—I'm going to bring in the biggest mess of machinery you ever saw. And then the stage fills up, and we have square dancers going . . . and then four machines start to square dance . . . and then . . ."

Megalomania of a Trapped Rat

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IN THE DEEPENING horror towards the end, Hitler's most obsessive fear was that he might be captured and held for exhibition by his enemies. Even in defeat he saw himself only in terms of spectacle, for that was the way his imagination ran. He could never have imagined that, little more than a decade after his Wagnerian finish, the story of his last ten days would turn up as part of a double bill during the slack season, along with a scatter-brained filler entitled *Abdullah's Harem.*

Actually *The Last Ten Days: Der Führer* deserves better treatment than this, for it is a remarkable film on almost every count. It derives from a book written by Michael Musmanno, one of the American judges at the Nuremberg Trials, but the screen version was written by Erich-Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet On the Western Front,* and the film was directed by G. W. Pabst, whose most famous production was the film classic *Kameradschaft* of the early Thirties. Both screen author and director are men rather notably lacking in the special "fanaticism" demanded by Hitler, and for the most part their film leaves the national and moral implications to history. It is a running account, chillingly faithful, of the strange events that took place in the Führer's underground refuge during the final convulsions of the German Reich.

Goering, Ribbentrop, Ley, and Himmler were still at large. Hitler and his faithful Eva Braun remained in the bunker under the Chancellery, along with Goebbels, a scattering of Army personnel, and the remainder of the joint military staff. There, while the Russian Army battered its way nearer, mile by mile, and then block by block, the Führer continued to shuffle non-existent armies, issue communiques to vanished generals and scream increasingly maniacal orders, up to the final frightful command to stop the Russian advance by flooding the crowded Berlin subway.

The secondary story has to do with the revolt of a young Nazi Captain (Oscar Werner) who takes a stand against the folly and madness about him, and leaves as his dying words the message, "Germany must learn not to say 'Yes Sir' ". It struck me as a rather simplified prescription for disorders that seemed to be hardly less than infernal in origin and intensity, and perhaps the episode of the Nazi Captain—

Albin Skoda plays it straight.

Faces known to a generation: "Goering, Goebbels and Himmler".

Fleming, Dahl and Howard.

one of the few obviously fictitious elements in the story — might have been omitted without loss to the film.

Albin Skoda, cast as Adolf Hitler, plays the Führer straight, taking no liberties with his formidable subject. The cropped moustache, the uncropped lock of hair, the ominous gaze and the fierce contemptuous gestures are all there. But the Skoda face doesn't look very much like the Hitler face, and the difference is constantly intrusive. A generation came to know that face too well to accept substitutes easily. Willi Kraus's Goebbels however, is almost disturbingly like the busy little doctor, in both appearance and action. Lotte Tobisch gives an unexpectedly touching performance as poor doomed Eva Braun, who was too faithful for her own good and not quite bright enough to be much use to anyone else—even to the Führer whose demands, in this department at least, were never excessive.

Rhonda Fleming and Arlene Dahl, two lovely redheads, turn up as sisters in *Slightly Scarlet,* and you may have some difficulty in distinguishing between them in the beginning, since they seem as much alike as two beautiful carrots. Before long, however, they sort themselves out. Rhonda is the good sister, Arlene the bad one. Rhonda's theme song is that she can love only one man (John Howard), Arlene's is a blithe "Anything in pants".

The good sister is a working-girl, whose savings have allowed her to accumulate a split-level bungalow, complete with terrace, colored maid, daily cut flowers and a grand piano. The bad sister has spent most of her best years in the Girl's Reformatory. Both are mixed up with a city gang, and it takes a lot of shooting to get them disentangled. No matter how glorious the Technicolor, the moral values stay the same old-fashioned black and white.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

THINGS were quiet in the meteorological office: even the most daring of those weathermen could see no way of breaking the long spell of heat and humidity. So Bob and Ben were able to leave nature to take its course for a while.

"Do you remember that teaser about car numbers we read?" asked Bob, looking up from his scratch pad. Ben opened his eyes wearily. "Sure," he replied, "but what's the gag?"

"Well," said Bob, "I guess we can make a better one with our automobiles."

Ben seized a pencil. "My number is a straight fifty-one followed by four noughts," he commented, "but I only know that you have just three figures and they're all different."

His friend nodded. "Then you can be the guinea-pig," he laughed. "If you multiply my three figures together and then square that and add it to your number, you'll get the square of my number."

It was really almost too hot for such games, but Ben did figure it out. What do you make Bob's number? (29)

Answer on Page 34.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

FIRST ADVOCATES of the style of chess problem composition of the Old German School were Philip Klett (1833-1910) and Prof. Johann Berger (b. 1845), an Austrian. Their views were supported for some 50 years by the *Deutsche Scachzeitung*, founded in 1846 and still published. It was a sect of a few giants towering high above a number of lesser composers striving to achieve colossal results, to compose exclusively in the Grand Manner.

In the production of difficult masterpieces Klett was supreme. One of his five-movers has no less than three dozen variations and sub-variations.

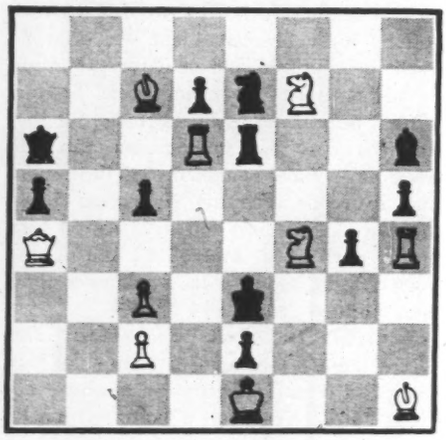
Solution of Problem No. 146.

Key-move 1.R-Q4, threatening 2.R-Q5 mate. If RxBch; 2.R-Q2 mate. If R-K5ch; 2.QxB mate. If R-KB6ch or else; 2.B-B4 mate. If R or Kt-B3; 2.Kt-Kt7 mate. If BxP; 2.KtxB mate.

This is an original cross-checker, with a good thematic key-move.

Problem No. 147, by "Centaur."

White mates in two.



For a Trying Day

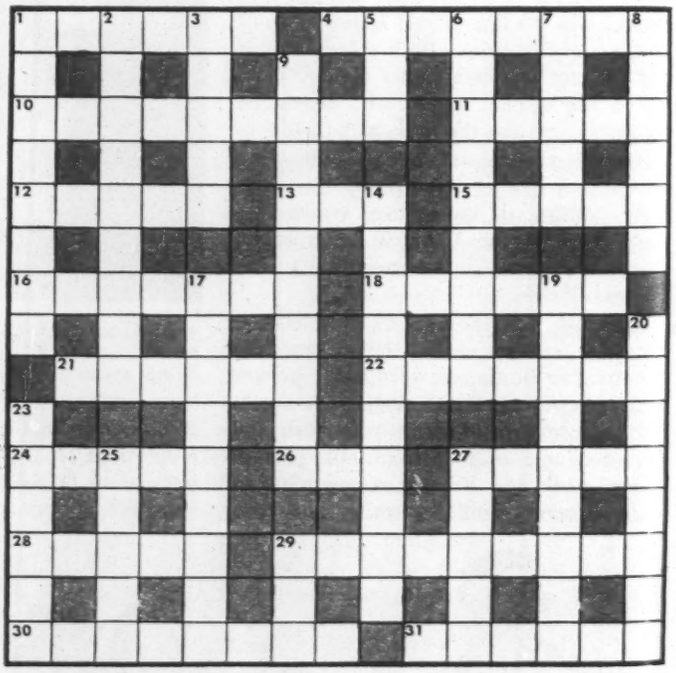
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Test paper for literature and music? (6)
4 How could you eat a tame foal! (4, 4)
10 May be suffered by one under a cloud. (9)
11 He puts you in your place. (5)
12 He took a riding horse back to a German. (5)
13 Shout about it on Hallowe'en. (3)
15 Blowing faintly in Elfland (Tennyson). (5)
16 Created in a new form. (7)
18 War that finished early in the year? (6)
21 One who gets top billing has tumbled to it. (6)
22 There's no old horse on this! (7)
24 He appears so poetic as a nude. (5)
26 "How now, you secret, black, and midnight . . . s!" (Macbeth) (3)
27 Questionable location of a musical little dog. (5)
28 Roots from which the trunk is formed. (5)
29 Wherein 27D wrote? (9)
30 When put to dire uses, what's left? (8)
31 Put the picture in a false position? (6)

DOWN

1 Was her husband a knighthawk? (8)
2 Sharp front-line insect of first World War? (9)
3 See 9
5 And I made a best-seller of it. (3)
6 What you do when you stroke a duck or part of game. (9)
7 It's not this one that would be annoyed in bed. (5)
8 Might be one of the softer woods. (6)
9, 3 Bearing a relative resemblance to van Gogh, perhaps, in a manner of speaking. (4, 1, 5, 5)
14 A tale about strange things? (4, 6)
17 To be carried, this needs a rail. Don't try it another way. (9)
19 Surely the most natural bait to fish with! (9)
20 Are you burnt up by perfume? (8)
23 Snake on legs? (6)
25 Dashes to the game. (5)
27 Hebrew who lost his head and turned to composing? (5)
29 Born at the end of the French year. (3)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 See 31
4 Houseboats
9, 10 Crossing the bar
11 Chinese
12 Drunken
14 Splice
16 Cabhorse
19 Stiletto
21 Motets
23 Seasick
26 Admiral
29 Hosier
30 Olive oil
31, 7, 1 A life on the ocean wave
32 Stem

DOWN

2 Airship
3 Essential
4 Hails
5 Urge
6 Enter
7 See 31
8 Traders
13 Scion
15 Eat
17, 28 Bum-boat
18 Outriders
20 Trefoil
22 Teatime
24 Skiff
25 Curio
27 Drive
28 See 17 (356)

English Jokes and Shibboleths

by Robertson Davies

HAVE THE ENGLISH a sense of humor? Are the English snobs? The answer to both questions must surely be a resounding Yes, but discussion has continued unabated for more than a century. The two books under review today are valuable and extremely readable additions to the extensive literature on these subjects; they are *The English Sense of Humour* by Harold Nicolson, and *Noblesse Oblige* by a variety of authors of whom Nancy Mitford and Evelyn Waugh are the best known.

I have read both books with pleasure because at one period of my life I lived among the English and developed a strong but not uncritical admiration for them; their humor and their snobbery were of special interest to me, and without seeking to pose as an expert I think that I may claim some knowledge of these subjects.

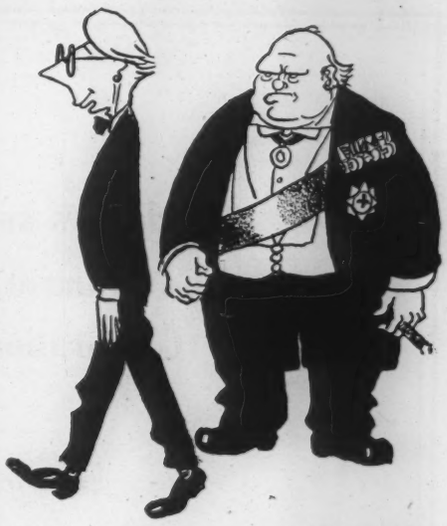
Sir Harold Nicolson's discussion of English humor must be praised, first of all, because it does not seek to be humorous. Most writers, when humor is their theme, feel that they must establish their bona fides by being funny themselves; and, by becoming personally involved with their subject, they limit and invalidate much of what they have to say. Sir Harold seeks only to explain and to clarify—never to amuse. Of course he is amusing without trying to be so; solemn discussions of humor nearly always make us laugh.

English humor, says he, corresponds chiefly to certain elements which are strong in the English character. These are a fondness for naivety, for the simplicity of childhood, showing itself in a liking for puns and word-play; next follows a shyness and even a fear in the face of the unfamiliar, whether it is merely what is foreign, or whatever suggests intellectual superiority; following this is a fondness for economy of mental effort, which expresses itself in making fun of knowledge or profundity, and a fondness for nonsense; and lastly Sir Harold puts comfort, as shown in jokes which make the past seem much like the present, and the future much like today. Condensed thus, all of these characteristics sound as if they belonged to a nation which was mentally lazy, and Sir Harold accuses his nation of this vice. But those of us in former colonies, and in foreign lands, who have seen how quickly Mother England can move when there is some advantage—particularly monetary advantage—in quick action, know that the old lady is far from stupid and is, indeed, as sharp as a needle. Any lethargy she may evince is rooted in indifference, rather than stupidity.

Yes indeed, the English have a sense of humor; it is one of their most charming characteristics, and we may thank God for it. For when we meet an Englishman who has no sense of humor we are terrified by the thought of what that determined and subtle race might have done to the world if they had all been thus afflicted; there would have been no living with them.

As for English snobbery, the papers which make up *Noblesse Oblige* give us a pungent whiff of its quality. It all began with Professor A. S. C. Ross, who published an article called *Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-Day English* in a learned Finnish review called *Neuphilologische Mitteilungen;* it said, in brief, that the only way left to tell an Upper Class Englishman from a Non-Upper Class Englishman was by certain uses and pronunciations of words. This sober and interesting document was seized upon by that agreeable rattle, Miss Nancy Mitford, who wrote an amusingly indiscreet piece about it in the highbrow review *Encounter.* Accepting herself very open-mindedly as a standard of Upper Class speech, she enlarged upon what Professor Ross had written, and soon hundreds of thousands of English men and women were discussing themselves and their friends in terms of U and Non-U.

Unspeakably Non-U unless a clergyman.



Younger son of an Earl taking precedence over Knight of the Garter.

The characteristically English thing about the discussion was that so much of it was both serious and humorous at once. People who found that they were Non-U were rueful, but not shaken. Also very English was the fact that the standards of U-speech were not necessarily those of educated speech; the dissociation of literacy, and even intelligence, from high breeding is very English; a lord *may* be a man of intellect and learning but he *needn't* be. As one of the breed said about the Order of the Garter, there is "no damned merit connected with it".

Miss Mitford was attacked without humor by hundreds, but she was also attacked with great humor by Evelyn Waugh. Not because her distinctions were snobbish—no, no; his complaint was that her standards were not his. And that, too, is very English, for there are thousands of them who pride themselves on their ability to communicate the *mystique* of aristocracy and high breeding, and will not completely accept the opinions of anyone else.

If I may be pardoned some personal reminiscence, it was this sort of Englishman who provided me with so many gleeful hours when I lived in England. Tirelessly they would explain what was, in its essence, inexplicable. I was a good listener, and, as a Canadian, I was not a competitor in the field; it was always understood, though rarely stated, that persons from the Dominions, however agreeable they might be in other respects, were hopelessly Non-U. They might, like the colonials in Ancient Rome, rise to the highest offices in the state, or gain renown as artists or thinkers, but nothing could make them genuine Romans. As a Canadian of Welsh descent, I was doubly Non-U and, to their credit be it said, they never made me feel it. It was as though

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I were black, or an albino; it was a misfortune for which I was not directly accountable.

My status thus being established, I was able to watch the fun without being in the fight. I recall a meeting of a club to which I belonged at my university, where a young nobleman — unquestionably U— read a long paper on the subject of whether or not dogs had souls and might be expected to meet their masters in Heaven. It occurred to me that if the reader had been of lesser rank this might have been ribaldly dismissed. When I ventured this opinion to some English friends, they said that I did not understand; the young man was the grandson of an impressive, though demonstrably stupid, former Prime Minister. This seemed to settle the matter. His paper was nonsense, but it was U, so we put up with it. We did not accept it: we conspired to overlook it.

If you want to study the shibboleths of English speech, so that you may know the Gileadites from the Ephraimites, *Noblesse Oblige* is your book. Professor Ross warns, however, that nobody can successfully change his speech so as to pass this test, and therefore I charge you to put away ambition. You can never be U. At least, that is what the English say, though I cherish a dark suspicion that anybody who worked hard at the job for three months could give a great deal of trouble to Professor Ross, or Miss Nancy Mitford, or even Evelyn Waugh. You would, of course, have to purge yourself also of Canadianisms. It would avail you nothing to say "napkin" instead of "serviette", and to say "What?" instead of "I beg your pardon?" if you insisted on saying "worsh" instead of "wash" and "squrl" instead of "squirrel". The path of social ambition is a thorny one.

Canadians could read both these books with advantage. Let us not deceive ourselves that there is no snobbery or much humorous appreciation of it in Canada; our social system has neither the heights nor the depths of the English one, but it is a thicket of Middle Class hauteur. Observe the Montreal Matron squelching the Toronto Matron, and the Toronto Matron in her turn giving the evil eye to the Edmonton Matron; notice the firmness with which, in the ladies' club, the Pass B.A. keeps the mere Reg. N. in her place; and, at the country club, see how thick is the Golden Curtain between the various Income Tax brackets.

But I grow indiscreet. It is time for me to give a final recommendation to both of these books, and withdraw into my Non-U tower of simulated ivory.

The English Sense of Humour, by Harold Nicolson—with 6 other essays—pp. 208—*Longmans Green*—$3.

Noblesse Oblige, by Nancy Mitford and others, illustrated by Osbert Lancaster—pp. 114—*Hamish Hamilton*—$2.50.

Investment Clubs: New Source of Capital

by Salem Katz

DEMONSTRATING the booming interest in North America's stock markets is the rapid development of the investment club.

Where only a few people belonged to them a few years ago, the clubs have recently converted about 185,000 Americans and 12,000 Canadians to a new way of sharing in the growth of the North American economy.

In Canada, the investment club has made its appearance on a large scale during the past year. By the end of 1956, an estimated 20,000 Canadian clubbers will be investing about $5 million a year in the stock market.

Most will be persons of modest means who have never played the market before. Yet they'll likely make profits with the same skill as more professional traders.

How will they do it? By joining an informal group of two to 50 persons—most groups average about 12—and chipping in about $10 a month to buy common stocks regularly.

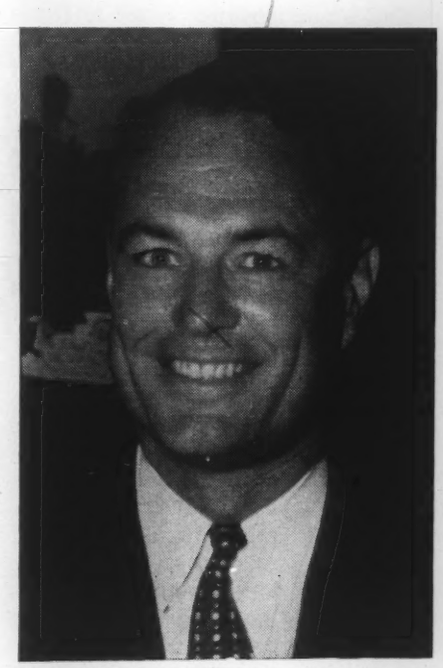
These amateur investors will meet once a month to form committees to analyse stocks and markets, and to hunt out growth situations—companies whose sales appear to be increasing at 10 per cent or more compounded annually. By avoiding risky margin buying, and by re-investing both dividends and capital gains in additional stocks, the clubbers will bolster their holdings.

One Detroit club invested $24,662 during the years 1940-1955, withdrew $22,270 during the interval, yet the liquidating value of its holdings reached $80,740. Many other clubs claim comparable, and even better results.

Enthusiasts maintain that by joining a club a person who normally couldn't plump down a sizeable pocket of cash to buy stocks can at last participate by instalment buying in Canada's booming economy.

Furthermore, the club can achieve a diversity of issue—safer than in taking a "one-shot flyer" on a stock that may later fizzle out.

Best of all, the investment club permits the neophyte investor to get into the market slowly and more safely. The fear and mystery of the market place vanishes. Instead of acting emotionally on a "hot tip", the club member learns to take the long-range view of a stock.



NYSE's President Funston: Excited.

The investment clubs have had their greatest vogue with white collar people. But where introduced into factories, clubs have kindled a management-consciousness among employees. "If we had given our stock away 20 points below market value," exults one manager, "we could not have achieved the same results."

Main impetus to the movement has come from Detroit. In 1951 a few clubs in the Motor City linked up to form the National Association of Investment Clubs. Today it claims 1461 clubs, with 18,652 members.

A Canadian counterpart was formed last fall. The Canadian Association of Investment Clubs now claims 127 clubs with about 2,000 members, mostly in Ontario. Both groups estimate there may be from five to ten times as many unaffiliated clubs.

Spearheading the Canadian movement is Brigadier James A. Roberts, a market consultant and former president of Mercury Mills. To him, the association constitutes a force for investment education in Canada. It supplies member clubs with accounting books, investment news, and advice.

Although new investors mean more business for security houses, not all are happy with them.

A few clubs are dominated by get-rich-quick motives. Some take wild plunges into penny mining stocks and oils. Others have branched out into second mortgages. A few have financed housing. Some have bought mining claims.

Some investment firms say the individual club doesn't generate much financial gain to brokers. But brokers who help clubs get underway say they make new acquaintances, gain greater prestige. Up to 27 per cent of club members later start buying securities for themselves.

Everyone agrees the movement is growing fast. The New York Stock Exchange declares that investment clubs now rank sixth among institutional buyers of common stocks — ahead of insurance companies, educational and charitable groups, mutual savings banks and other institutional investors.

If the stock market ceases to be active and strong, will the clubs fold up? Brigadier Roberts says no. He feels the clubs are creating a new breed of level-headed investor who won't be stampeded into selling his securities.

The legal position of clubs is not yet clear.

Most clubs stay informal and non-incorporated. Members are advised to declare their share of the club's net income. So far, Canadian income tax officials have not made any capital gains levies on the clubs.

This fall the New York Stock Exchange is putting out an information kit on the clubs, for members. The exchange's president, Keith Funston, is excited by them. "Clubs, far from being an investment gimmick, are effectively putting ownership within the reach of many, and they are doing it in a way that is practical and educational. By their size, soundness and success, clubs have earned a place in our arsenal of investment techniques—particularly for the apprentice investor."

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Pension Plans and Security

by William Sclater

WHAT THE AVERAGE wage earner would like to have, in the way of a retirement plan which would also protect his wife and family against any intervening catastrophe, is one important factor in Canadian insurance today. What the average employer is prepared to provide or what public insurers can make available is another.

A young man of 30 may figure that when he reaches normal retirement age of 65 — if the labor situation will make it possible for him to be spared from working at that time — he will need at least $200 a month to retire on in the way of pension or income retirement plan, to have a reasonable degree of economic security in 1991.

The way money has been depreciating, he might do better to figure on 50 per cent of the income he is making in the last five years of his working life, but let us consider what it takes to make this $200-a-month annuity pension possible.

To buy an annuity of $200 a month for a man at age 65 will cost approximately $29,280 at the time and this is the sum we have to raise in the 35 years between now and 1991. This means a contribution of approximately $536 per annum between employer and employee. The employee will have to contribute $22.33 per month or approximately 75 cents per day to do it. So will his employer.

But 35 years is a long time. The possibility of accident, sickness, death and other hazards, is always present. The average young man wants to get married, raise a family and make a home of his own. How is he to protect his wife and family and his home against these contingencies? Or suppose he loses his job, after 20 years, through no fault of his own? Suppose after 20 years he quits his job and goes to another company for more pay? How will his pension fund stand?

These possibilities can be met, some of them completely and others to a degree determined by the amount of pension fund credit he has built up. It is not difficult to protect a pension fund with life insurance during the building-up period. Some companies will arrange a separate group coverage averaged over the whole period, at low cost. Others will integrate the life insurance protection with a pension trust package deal that permits the purchase, at age 30, of up to $20,000 worth of life insurance at a cost of only $2.61 per $1,000 per annum.

If the employer pays for this life protection coverage, it is a deductible taxable expense. If the employee dies at any time prior to his due pension date, his widow or beneficiary will get either the face value of the life insurance or the built-up value of the pension fund, whichever is the greater. If he died a year before pension date, the dependent would get the full value of the pension fund in cash and so be enabled to purchase an annuity personally. If he died five years after entering the plan, the value, if the $20,000 insurance plan was in effect, would be $20,000, the face value of the policy.

Accident and sickness protection cannot, as yet, be arranged as part of any pension or retirement income deal. It can, however, be arranged separately under company group accident and sickness plans, and many companies have these.

It is not a good thing to cash in a pension plan, even where it is possible, for the simple reason that such an act destroys the real purpose for which the pension is being built up. Under any type of plan the worker has a vested interest after 20 years, under government regulations. It may well be that an older worker, with 25 or more years of service, may decide to go on retirement pension earlier as a consequence of layoff. In these circumstances any employer is glad to give any approval or assistance needed.

The older worker, at 55, will have $5.01 per month per $1,000 of pension fund coming to him. With his pension fund standing at $12,000 after 25 years this will give him a pension of $60 a month for the rest of his life. Even part of a loaf, in depressed circumstances, is better than no bread, and that would be the viewpoint of most of us.

The younger man, at 40 years of age, would have only $3.76 per $1,000 per month coming to him. As his pension fund would only be about $2,000, the annuity would be too small to amount to anything. There is no way to offset that as yet, apart from unemployment insurance, unless the employee has been fortunate enough to have started a government annuity of his own at 18 or 20 years of age which has now built up to a good payable position.

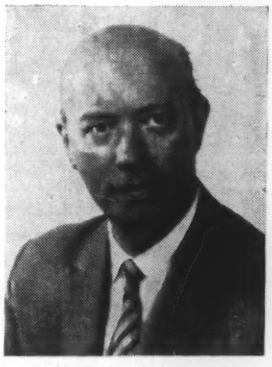
Big Bite from the Market

A veteran dealer in Regina looked at the car and said "This isn't an automobile, it's a toy. You won't sell any of these in Canada". Today that same sceptic is one of Werner Jansen's largest distributors in the fast-selling Canadian West.

LATE IN 1952 a tall, fair, 48-year-old German who had just landed in Canada was driving into Toronto for the first time along Danforth Avenue, a street well-known for its long stretches of garish used car lots.

As the car proceeded, the German viewed the scenery with wide-eyed amazement. Finally he looked at his companions and said, "Let's go back to Germany right now. We don't stand a chance against such competition!"

When Werner Jansen, Managing Director of Volkswagen Canada Ltd., recalls the incident now, he chuckles with a slight note of satisfaction. During the three years which followed his "Danforth Avenue Dilemma", this man has built a small empire in an industry which is notorious for its competition. His biggest problem now is attempting to satisfy his dealer's demands for new cars. At present a customer must wait one month for a new Volkswagen, reputedly the fastest-selling small car on the Canadian market.



Werner Jansen

When Jansen arrived in Toronto in December, 1952, he rented a small building in north Toronto and put in it a staff of thirty. It was a modest start for a man whose mission was to introduce, sell, and service a car that few Canadians had ever seen or even heard of—and to do this successfully enough to take a big bite out of the small car market.

Those first few months were tough for Jansen. "I put in 12 to 14 hours a day setting up the business organization, but the real test was to find dealer outlets in every Canadian city." Dealers were not receptive to the little car. Most of them thought it was too small for Canadian taste. They didn't care for the styling or the low horse-power rating. Jansen remembers when one veteran dealer in Regina looked at the car and said, "This isn't an automobile, it's a toy. You won't sell any of these in Canada". Jansen talked him into taking a few of the "toys", and today that same sceptic is the largest Volkswagen distributor in Regina. Now the still-growing company has more than 200 distributors and dealers across Canada.

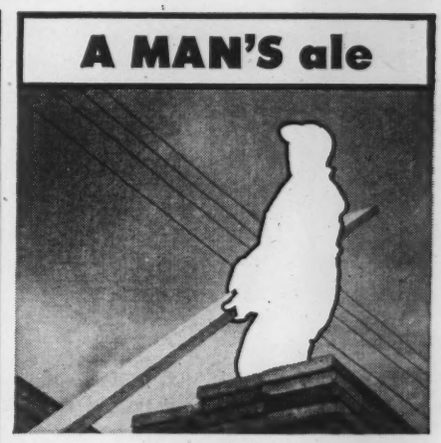
Jansen has spent his whole life dealing with automobiles. Born in Hanover in 1904, he completed a classics course in junior college. He then went to a technical training school at the Mercedes Benz plant in Dresden. Two years later he was appointed automobile manager of a Dresden firm that sold American-built Chrysler products.

He left the company because "I felt that I should go back to a factory for experience". He joined the Wanderer Co., manufacturer of bicycles and passenger cars. After a series of promotions he was asked in 1936 to go to the U.S. for eight weeks to study selling and promotion methods. On the return trip to Germany he met an attractive girl, Connie Johannessen, whom he married one year later. Shortly after his U.S. trip he was promoted to the post of export manager for the Auto Union Co. He remained in this position throughout the war. "We didn't produce military vehicles until the last months of the war," he says. "Much of our output went for export to such countries as Spain and Sweden."

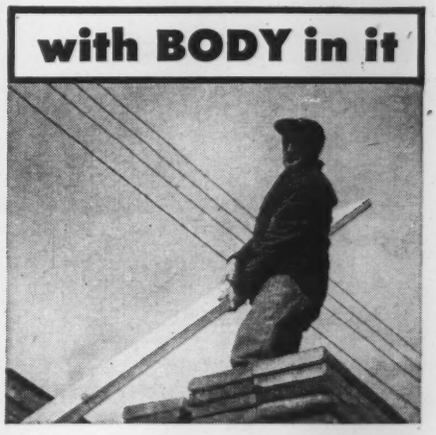
In 1952 Jansen joined the Volkswagen organization to develop overseas markets. Shortly afterward he was sent to Canada as Managing Director to open a Canadian branch.

During most of his "off-hours" Jansen reads with the intensity that characterizes all his work. His living room walls are lined with books which include volumes on philosophy, current affairs, and history, which is his specialty. Although he spends nine to ten hours a day at the spotless Volkswagen plant which occupies 60,000 square feet in the Scarborough sector of Metropolitan Toronto, he still manages to take the five minute drive to his home for lunch every day.

Jansen is justly proud of his company's success in "this wide, wonderful land," as he calls it. He refuses to slacken his pace until Canada ranks with the United States as Volkswagen's largest export market. Only Sweden stands in the way.



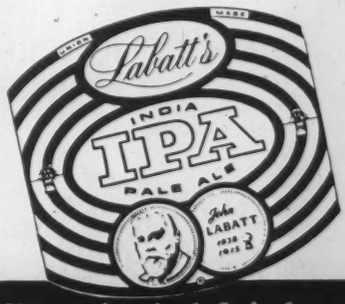
"A job like mine takes it out of you"



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," *says Charles Wm. McFawn, Toronto, Ont.*

Outdoors or indoors, your craving for a real *man's* ale can only be satisfied by an ale with *real* body and flavour to it. That's why so many men reach for IPA. Charlie McFawn works up a man-size thirst piling lumber . . . *his* choice is Labatt's IPA. Make it yours, too.

Find out about IPA . . . *the ale that satisfies the man in you!* Enjoy IPA next time you're in your favourite hotel or tavern, or next time you order ale for your home. Start enjoying the ale with body . . . flavour . . . *ZEST!* The man's ale—IPA!



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

Gold & Dross

Moneta Porcupine

Is there any life to Moneta Porcupine these days?—H.M.S., Montreal, Que.

The main current exploration activity of Moneta Porcupine is on a mercury prospect near Dillingham, Alaska, which the company acquired last year under an option to lease. This summer should reveal the extent of any commercial possibilities inherent in this property. Surface work indicated one good ore-shoot and the possibility of several others in veins contained in a wide shear zone.

Otherwise, Moneta has a variety of exploration interests, the most noteworthy feature of which might be the indication they provide of the company's aggressive approach to seeking a mining property. For this purpose it had a strong liquid position at the end of 1955, and presumably still has, of approximately $1.8 million. Additionally it had investments of $263,538 in associated companies (market valuation $105,624) plus a participation of upwards of $300,000 in petroleum and natural gas ventures. Outstanding were 2,543,860 shares.

Moneta is typical of several former gold producers which chose to continue as holding-exploration companies upon exhaustion of ore reserves and cessation of mining operations. The aim of such companies is to find another mine. One cannot place too much emphasis on the combination in such companies of financial ability and field know-how.

Algoma Steel

What is the reason for the huge advance in shares of Algoma Steel Corp.?—F.A.S., Quebec, Que.

Broadly speaking, the market preference which Algoma Steel has enjoyed reflects its position as the reputedly lowest-cost steel producer around the Great Lakes, and probably in North America. Latterly there have been other developments which have encouraged speculation for the advance.

One of these has been the change in direction of the company, following the death of Sir James Dunn, whose piloting of the moribund Sault Ste. Marie steel producer into the flourishing company of today is one of the outstanding Canadian industrial achievements of the 20th century. Sir James followed a policy of plowing earnings back into expansion, and no dividends were paid. So the market for the stock has been restricted to those who could dismiss cash income. Speculators apparently feel that with

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 276

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of FORTY-FIVE CENTS per share upon the outstanding capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter payable at the bank and its branches on and after SATURDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF SEPTEMBER 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1956; shares not fully paid for by the 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1956 to rank for the purpose of the said dividend to the extent of the payments made on or before that date on the said shares respectively.

By Order of the Board,
K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager

Montreal, July 16, 1956.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending August 31, 1956, has been declared on the capital stock of the Company as follows:

First Preference Shares, Cumulative Redeemable, Series "A"	37½ cents per share
Second Preference Shares	51½ cents per share
Common Shares	51½ cents per share

The dividend will be payable September 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 8th day of August, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board,
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, August 1, 1956.

Advertising and **publication printing**
★
Saturday Night Press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

someone else at the helm the chance of dividends is increased.

Another factor in speculators' thinking is the possible sale of the company. The economics of the steel industry are such that any new steel operation being established in Canada would have to think in costly terms — capacity of 2 million tons a year. It might, however, get in cheaper if it could buy an established producer even at a fancy price. There is no indication that the Dunn estate wants to liquidate control of Algoma but the possibility can't be overlooked.

Speculators don't miss a trick, so it isn't strange that there's a lot of talk about a split in Algoma. Credence to this possibility is provided by the proportions of the company's earnings.

Investors have been paying more attention to the physical factors which make possible the company's low costs. One of these quantities is possession of its iron ore resources a short distance from the Sault. The company makes a concentrate of its iron ore for use in its own blast furnaces and for sale to other users. Figures released by the Ontario Department of Mines for the first half-year suggest a substantial expansion in sales to other users.

Some commentators on Canada's steel industry talk about the prospect of a primary steel plant being warranted at the Lakehead to serve western Canada. The existence of the Algoma plant at a point not too far from the Lakehead has had an impact on speculators' thinking. So has the decision of a German tube maker to establish a plant adjoining Algoma, based on plate being supplied by the latter.

All this adds up to the kind of lively situation in which boardroom stock players, who are a big influence in making prices, have considerable scope for speculation.

Gordon MacKay

Is Gordon MacKay & Sons Ltd. a buy?— J.T., Hull, Que.

The outlook for Gordon MacKay & Sons Ltd. is bright, although naturally one hesitates to say that the investor won't get in any cheaper. That, of course, is a chance you have to take.

In the meantime, you might digest some of the facts relating to the company's position. An old-established organization which has learned most of the requirements of its trade, the company has not been unaware of modern merchandising trends. It is continuing to modernize its sales outlets and is also getting rid of the smaller and least profitable ones. Important economies are expected to result from the new warehouse it is building in Toronto and its completion will enable the

When you wish to secure a good income from sound corporation bonds and shares, consult us . . . our services are readily available.

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CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On July 18th, 1956, a quarterly dividend of sixty cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company payable September 5th, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business August 3rd, 1956.

Montreal July 18th, 1956

JAMES A. DULLEA
Secretary

SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable September 15, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on August 15, 1956.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, July 20, 1956.

LOBLAW COMPANIES LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending August 31, 1956, has been declared on the capital stock of the Company as follows:

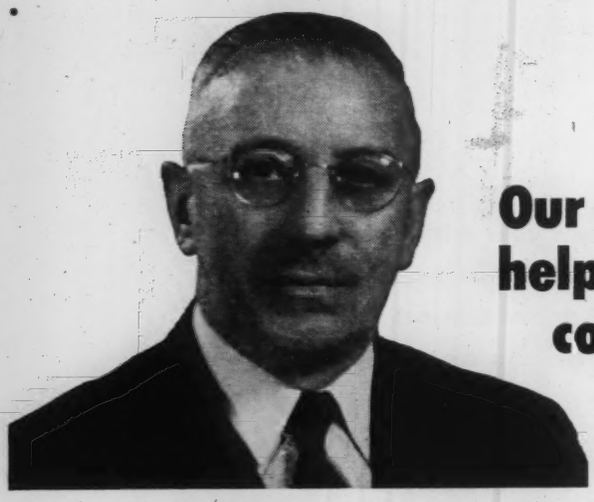
Preferred Shares, Cumulative Redeemable	60 cents per share
Class "A" Shares	10 cents per share
Class "B" Shares	10 cents per share

The dividend will be payable September 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 8th day of August, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board,

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, August 1, 1956.



Our credit union helps both our company and our people

Explains R. S. Munn, President and General Manager of Burns & Co. Limited, meat packers

"Our credit union has served us well over many years. But in addition to its obvious advantages, a credit union is a prime factor in teaching thrift and good management. Employees who learn this are usually those who contribute most to the success of their company . . . their own *personal* achievement."

The Burns and Company credit union was formed in 1939. Since that time, the 2,000 members have helped each other with approximately 40,000 loans totalling over six million dollars! These loans have helped members enjoy new cars, home improvements and vacations as well as covering hospital and medical expenses. Thanks to weekly deposits, average savings per member now stand at $500, and total assets of the Burns credit union have reached a staggering $1,176,778.

A credit union is quite simply a group of friends who are joined together for greater financial security. They *save* together . . . then, from their pooled savings they are able to make friendly loans at low cost. Many credit unions add the protection of life insurance on loans and savings—without added charge.

In the Western Hemisphere alone, there are almost 21,000 credit unions serving some 10,000,000 people . . . certain proof that the credit union movement fills a very real need. Management approves credit unions, because with their credit union to help them, workers can overcome their money problems . . . pay advances and wage garnishments are often completely eliminated. What's more, freed from financial worry, workers devote *full* energy to their jobs.

A credit union is easy to form. All you need is a group of 50 or more people sharing in some common interest—such as employment in the same company. They operate their credit union themselves under government examination . . . *every* member sharing in the benefits. A credit union would help *you*. Why not talk it over with *your* fellow employees?

Write today for full information.
Credit Union, Dept. S-7,
Box 65, Hamilton, Ont.

Maintenance employee Jack Hendrick gives full praise to the Burns credit union. Since becoming a member in 1939, he says, "I have learnt to save systematically . . . remodelled my home, and more recently bought a new car. I'm thankful and very pleased to be a member of my credit union."

Eric Baker works in the Pork Cutting Room. Married at nineteen, Eric and his young wife have had many setbacks . . . but every time, his friends in the credit union have seen him through. That *is* the credit union . . . friends working together . . . saving together . . . *helping each other.*

liquidation of downtown real estate holdings.

Hope of improved operating profits in the current year is based on greater sales volume and higher prices recently enjoyed by both wholesale and retail divisions. The first half year's results are expected to report in better than the same period of last year.

Bell Telephone

What is the explanation of Bell Telephone's selling so high in relation to earnings?—G. J., Vancouver, BC.

There are few companies to which the term "growth industry" is more applicable than Bell Telephone.

A growing Canada and increasing urbanization are fertile fields for the operations of this communications company. It faces a broadening program of expansion and this involves periodic, large-scale injections of new capital. Shareholders thus receive frequent rights to subscribe to new stock on attractive terms. This enables them to increase their holdings at less than the market price and is, as it were, an option on cheap stock.

If the rights are not exercised, they can be sold and the proceeds treated as a tax-free dividend.

Is it any wonder then that the stock is regarded as one of Canada's prime investments?

In Brief

Which of the following are worth keeping — Mayo Mines, Boulder Hill Mines, Consolidated Matarrow, Caral Mining.—W. J. C., Winnipeg.

All have some value. Mayo now is Maybrun, trading at about $1.25. Every three shares of Mayo represent one Maybrun. Boulder Hill became Boulder Gold Mines, also 1-for-3 with market at about three to five cents. Caral is active over-the-counter at about 50 cents.

Will my 1,000 shares in Fundy Bay Copper go down the drain? — G.A.G., St. John's.

They shouldn't; there is a market over-the-counter at about 25 cents.

Is Britalta a buy or sell at the present time? I paid higher for it.—G.F.R., Toronto.

Britalta's hopes are partly tied in to the success of an all-Canadian gas pipe line. The company also has oil possibilities.

Are Beatrice Red Lake and Zenmac of sufficient importance to warrant an investment?—B.C., Cornwall, Ont.

Not by any stretch of the imagination can the term investment be applied to Beatrice or Zenmac. But if you want to gamble . . .

From front of house view is of 10th fairway of Beach Grove Golf Club. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Todgham.

WOMEN

The Dream Comes True

by Cameron Thomas

THE SECRETARY who marries the boss is a popular character among writers of fiction for the women's magazines. She is always depicted as being pert, attractive and perceptive, as well as possessing a good deal of competence both in the office and in the 40-room mansion the tycoon has provided for his bride.

Truth, in this case, hews close to the fiction line—only in Alice Todgham's case, it isn't a 40-room mansion. It's a sprawling, ultra-modern, ranch-type house — the kind that copywriters in advertising agencies think about and call a "dream house".

Alice, her husband Ron, and their two sons, Dick (19) and Doug (12) have just moved into their new home on the outskirts of Windsor, Ontario. In the freshly-paved driveway are three sparkling 1956 automobiles. It is no coincidence that the cars are all manufactured by the same company, Chrysler of Canada. For Ron Todgham has just been made president of the company, one of Canada's largest industrial concerns, which employs 12,000 people and makes well over 100,000 automobiles and trucks a year.

Alice and Ron (nobody ever called

The Todgham's attractive new home near Windsor is of contemporary design with large window areas.

him Ronald) Todgham met a little more than twenty years ago in the Chrysler office at Windsor, where both were employed. She was the secretary to the fleet sales manager; he was assistant advertising manager.

The slender fair-haired girl and the dark, intense young man were married. Soon after, Ron Todgham made a big gamble. He gave up his steady job in Windsor to become the proprietor of Ron Todgham Motors, a Chrysler Corporation dealership at Chatham, 50 miles east of Windsor. As he describes it today, he was "highly insolvent" at the time.

Fourteen years later the big gamble had paid off to the extent that he was able to sell the business at a substantial profit. So spectacular had been his success as a dealer that he was invited to return to the company in an executive capacity by E. C. Row, then president of the Canadian company. Row made Todgham his executive assistant and later

The Lark-class sailboat is made ready for Lake St. Clair.

Doug Todgham with hi-fi set.

executive vice-president. In mid-July he succeeded Row as president when the latter, sparkplug of the company's rapid strides in recent years, was moved into the Number Two position in the parent corporation in the United States.

Alice Todgham will tell you that recent events have moved so quickly that she has found it difficult to keep up with them. After her husband returned to Chrysler, he commuted the 50 miles between Chatham and Windsor every day. Finally they found a site for a home. It was right on the lake in the village of St. Clair Beach, one of the Windsor suburbs, about a half-hour drive from downtown Windsor, and adjoining Beach Grove Golf Club.

What made the location particularly attractive was that the family is fond of outdoor living and particularly of golf, boating and swimming.

The house was completed in June, about a month before Ron Todgham was chosen to succeed Row as head of Chrysler of Canada. One minor disappointment entailed in the move was that the Todghams had laid extensive plans to spend two months in Europe this summer. About this change of plans Mrs. Todgham is quite philosophical.

Alice Todgham was born in Petrolia, Ontario, near Sarnia. Her husband was Toronto-born but moved to Windsor as a child and attended schools in that city. Prior to graduation in business administration from the University of Michigan he worked summers in the Chrysler of Canada offices and caught the eye of the company's first president, the late John D. Mansfield who, Todgham says, exerted a tremendous influence upon his future career. Upon finishing college Ron Todgham became a full-time employee in the sales division, and subsequently, assistant advertising manager. This is the point at which Alice Russell of Petrolia enters the story.

In his new job Ron Todgham carries

The livingroom provides a view of lawn, beach and lake.

heavy and exacting responsibilities, and he works hard at it. He is up shortly after 6.30 a.m. (the Chrysler offices open at eight during the summer months; 8.30 in fall, winter and spring) and breakfasts on fruit juice and coffee. By 7.30 he is on his way to the office, driving his own car which is currently a red-white-and-gunmetal Chrysler New Yorker sedan. (The Todghams like colorful automobiles. Mrs. Todgham's car is a red-white-and-black Dodge Royal Lancer hardtop, while 19-year-old Dick has a red-and-white smaller Dodge. Doug, 12, has to be content with a red-and-white bicycle.)

At the office Ron Todgham spends a busy day. He is a "clean desk" executive and much of his time is spent in brief, informal discussions with his senior executives, Major decisions are reached after group consultation. To a good many Chrysler of Canada people he is still "Ron". Friendly and gregarious, he is quick and firm in his decisions and is especially conscious of his position as the company's first Canadian-born president.

At lunch-time he joins a small group of company executives — most of them old friends — for a light meal in a small coffee shop near the company's offices. This routine is varied on Mondays when he lunches with the Rotary Club; while in Chatham he became a Rotarian and was president of the club there.

When his day's work is finished Ron Todgham locks his desk and heads for St. Clair Beach. He carries no briefcase.

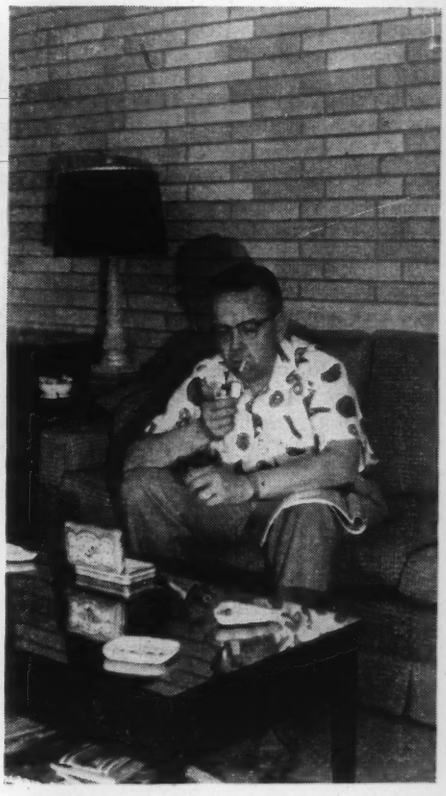
Mrs. Todgham is an enthusiastic cook and is deriving great enjoyment from her new, ultra-modern house with its sparkling kitchen. Currently, a cleaning-woman comes three days a week. In Chatham the Todghams kept a maid and are now endeavoring to find a replacement to assist in coping with the responsibilities of a busy household.

She is an enthusiastic golfer and bridge devotee, although for family fun in the evenings the card games are euchre or cribbage. While in Chatham she was an energetic worker for local charities and served two terms as president of the Junior Hospital League while her husband was chairman of the hospital board.

The Todghams see much of their friends, entertaining quietly and informally at home during weekends. They are all fond of music and in addition to Doug's piano-playing, enjoy an elaborate hi-fi installation which is a built-in unit in their activities room. The family does a good deal of sailing, using a Lark-class sailboat on Lake St. Clair and the Detroit river. The whole home, in fact, with its beach and broad lawns places an accent upon outdoor living.

The picture the Todghams present is that of a happy, compact, busy unit, which attends church together on Sundays, plays together and shares an unusually active family life.

Dining area panelled in cherry.



Livingroom is the family centre.

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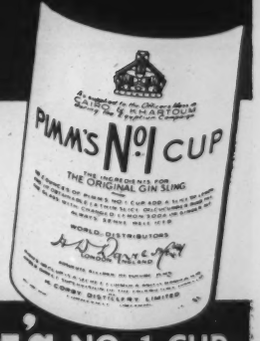
IS
PIMMSDAY



The most heavenly drink on earth.

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP (GIN BASE)
NO. 5 CUP (RYE BASE)

IT'S WORTH ASKING FOR

By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II Scotch Whisky Distillers Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith

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Letters

Summer Theatre

We strongly object to the article written by Nathan Cohen in your issue of July 21. Mr. Cohen's statement "Cobourg is a small Ontario town, so destitute of achievement, etc." is entirely uncalled for and without foundation in fact. . .

The Cobourg Chamber of Commerce is highly displeased with the content of the Cohen article because it is untrue and certainly unjustified. This town is a progressive community. . . A few years ago our population was less than six thousand and now has increased to almost ten thousand.

COBOURG, ONT. P. ROBIN MALLORY
Secretary-Manager Chamber of Commerce

. . . Correcting Nathan Cohen's overlooking of the Winnipeg Summer Theatre in his article "Summer Theatre Troubles". Our Rainbow Stage may well have been inspired by Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, but it certainly deserves more than passing mention with the TUTS for its musical comedies and other theatrical fare this summer. The best musical, artistic and dramatic brains in Winnipeg have combined to provide us with excellent productions of *Annie Get Your Gun, Wizard of Oz,* and *Kiss Me Kate,* not to mention one play, *Our Town,* and two pop concerts.

WINNIPEG R. B. FERGUSON

Nathan Cohen's "Summer Theatre Troubles" gives an erroneous impression as far as Brae Manor Theatre, Knowlton, is concerned . . .

Brae Manor *is* 21 years old. It was founded in 1935 and has operated continuously (and successfully) every summer since then, to increasingly large audiences . . .

It is true that for some years we used amateurs, including Christopher Plummer, John Colicos, Richard Easton, Phyllis Thaxter, Anna Cameron in their amateur days, but never at any time in our history would we permit a "completely untried actor" to play anything but the most minor role.

As for "untried" directors, this is unheard of as far as Brae Manor is concerned. We have *always* employed the best and most experienced directors available, unless people like Herbert Whittaker, Roberta Beatty, Robertson Davies, Malcolm Morley, Jean de Savoye, David Haber and my late husband, Filmore Sadler, are considered "untried". All of them have directed at Brae Manor at various times for many years . . .

KNOWLTON, QUE. MRS. FILMORE SADLER,
Producer, Brae Manor Theatre

Governor General

. . . Whereas I can imagine that if Nehru were to be asked to become the next Governor General, there would be a certain amount of consternation in this country, though he would be welcomed with his restrained enthusiasm, the idea of having an unknown Asiatic, however distinguished, would be rather more than the folks from Halifax to Vancouver could readily accept — and with reason.

Would it not be more in keeping, at this stage, to suggest the appointment of someone like Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, who is nearing retirement and who has been the head for several years of another great pioneering country with similar traditions and equal British loyalty to our own?

Clearly we should not be caught in the morass, which Australia was till the appointment of General Sir William Slim, of always having to appoint a Canadian, thus degrading the office to a political plum . . .

TORONTO H. BANNING RICHARDSON

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 71 NO. 12 WHOLE NO. 3268

PICTURE CREDITS: Page 1, Ashley & Crippen; Page 5, Press News Ltd.; Page 6, Wide World, Press News Ltd.; Pages 7, 8, Wide World; Page 9, Metropolitan Museum, Wiener Schmalenbach; Page 10, Miller, Capital Press; Page 12, Ashley & Crippen; Page 13, Turofsky; Page 15, Mexican Travel Bureau, American Airlines; Page 16, Turofsky; Page 21, Columbia Pictures, RKO; Page 23, Osbert Lancaster from Hamish Hamilton; Page 25, International; Page 27, J. Kurti; Pages 31, 32, 33, Jack Dalgleish.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER
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It's dry...

...and bright!

It's CROWN & ANCHOR lager beer

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Enjoy its pleasant flavour... its fresh, clean taste. Chances are you'll say,
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CEYLON
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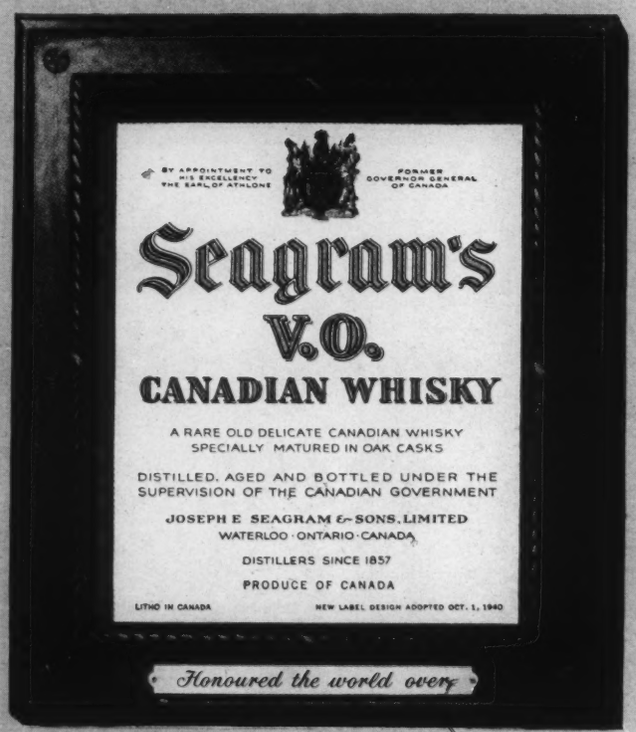

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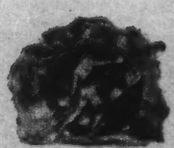

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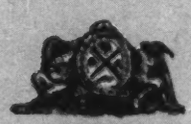
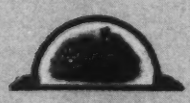
INDIA
The United Commercial Bank Ltd.



CANADA
Bank of Montreal

ENGLAND
Barclays Bank Limited

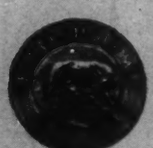


CUBA
Banco Gelats

TAIWAN-CHINA
Bank of Taiwan

MEXICO
Banco Nacional
de México S.A.

FRANCE
Crédit Lyonnais



ITALY
Banco di Roma

SWITZERLAND
Swiss Bank Corporation

INSIGNIA OF PROMINENT BANKING INSTITUTIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD